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THE MIRROR

SAINT-LOVIS



A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE October number of the VALLEY MAGAZINE, will be published on the fifth of that month. It will be found to be an improvement upon its predecessors in every way. THE VALLEY MAGAZINE is the best magazine on earth for fifty cents a year. Perusal of any one issue will convince you of this fact.

JUSTICE AND BOODLE.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

ARE we not rather overdoing our exploitation of this boodle business in this town? It strikes me that way. The papers seem to take a fiendish delight in advertising the fact that corruption has run riot here for years. While it may be a good advertisement to the country that we captured a batch of boodlers, it isn't good advertising for the town to create an impression that it is the rottenest place on earth. And that is the impression that is going out from this town to-day. The time has come to stop it.

Let's talk about something pleasant. Can't the papers make just as interesting news out of the fact that this city has a model Mayor as out of the fact that it had a select assortment of crooks in its municipal assembly? It is now about time for us to hear something about the real good work done by public servants like Rolla Wells, Joseph P. Whyte, Councilor Charles Bates, President Phillips of the B. P. I. and one or two others whose performances are absolutely eclipsed by the circumstance that a lot of crooks have been bagged. The fact of the matter is that the newspapers are, for the most part, so busy exploiting themselves in the matter of claiming credit for the exposure that they seem almost to forget that the whole exposure is due solely to the fact that Joseph W. Folk, the Circuit Attorney, is an honest public official and that he has had the unwearying support of other honest public officials, from the President of the Police Board to the Sheriff, in his efforts to bring the criminals to justice. It will not do us any harm to remember that there is a preponderance of good over bad, even in politics, even in St. Louis. And it may be well to suggest right here that there is so much puffing and blowing over the boodle business we are likely to find the whole reform evaporated in hot air before anybody is really brought to task.

There are many considerations appertaining to the boodle scandal that make it not wholly certain that all the results to flow therefrom are to be good. While I, personally, have always admired Judge Douglas, I cannot say that his course has been admirable in his dealings with the boodle cases. It seems to me, and to a great many others, that he has yielded his natural independence to public clamor, and that conditions have arisen therefrom which practically nullify the rights of the accused boodlers. Whatever the Supreme Court of the State may have decided, the fact is that the men accused of boodling have been asked in many instances an excessive bail. The piling up of indictments on a man should not result in piling up the amount of bail demanded. The Councilman or Delegate who was under \$15,000 bail and did not run away, was not, and is not, likely to run away from a second indictment. The court has power to fix bail, but not to fix it beyond the limit of the capacity a man's relatives and friends may reasonably be expected to have, in order to furnish it. To put a man's bail at a figure his friends cannot reach, and to do so deliberately, is to deny him bail, and to deny a man bail is to deny him his right to liberty. The boodlers should be held in heavy bonds,

but not under bonds so heavy as to make it certain that they could not give bond at all. Whatever the Supreme Court may have decided abstractly, the so-called boodlers have been held under bonds enormously disproportionate to the character of the offense charged. They are held under bonds that have been considered high in the cases of rapists and murderers. Indicted thrice for practically three forms of one offense, their bail has been multiplied by three in several instances, and they are held in jail. All this may not appear to amount to much in the case of a few poor devils of grafters, but it does amount to a great deal as a general principle. It establishes a bad precedent when a judge begins to fix bail bonds at figures utterly incommensurate with the actual offense charged against a man. Even a boodler who has been peached upon has the right to his liberty under security that will insure his attendance when called for trial. The judicial act of increasing the size of the bail bonds, as Judge Douglas has done, is in itself a sort of prejudgment of the cases of the men, and amounts to nothing more than his expression of a strong conviction of their guilt. How are these men to get the fair treatment to which they are entitled under the law, if the whole community is told that they are such desperate and dangerous criminals that only the most stupendous bonds will paralyze the support and sympathy of their friends and keep the accused in jail?

It does not look right for Judge Douglass, or anybody else, to declare flatly in the case of Edward Butler, that he would not be accepted as security in any more cases. Butler offered to go bail for every boodler indicted, even when under heavy bonds himself. He could qualify for the amount of security exacted for every man for whom he offered himself as security. Butler is "good for" the amount of every bond on which he offered himself and for the total amount of all such bonds. He is thoroughly solvent, however unmoral he may be, and as such a solvent person his security should have been accepted. To deny him the right to give valid security for the men in jail, was to deny them the right to their liberty under conditions in which they were entitled to it. Furthermore, the judicial action in refusing Butler's security, even on exorbitant bonds, solely because Butler was himself under indictment for corruption, was an intimation to the community that he and his friends were surely guilty. Under all the circumstances, I think that Judge Douglass has stood up so straight that he fell over backwards in his endeavor not to favor the boodlers. For fear of favoring them, he appears to have proceeded to the extreme of prejudicing their cases in the community in which they are to be tried and restricting their rights under normally interpreted law.

All this wouldn't be quite so bad, if it were not that the big boodlers have not been caught. The wealthy men who gave up the money are free. The poor wretches who took the money are in the toils and the toils are tightened on them out of all reason. The whole situation seems rankly unjust, when looked at calmly. And it doesn't improve matters in the slightest degree to reflect that all the time, daily and even hourly, the public prints are creating a feeling against the accused men, in the face of which it seems impossible that any defendant could secure his full rights before a jury.

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This seems to be the time for some one to say these things. "For justice all places are a temple and all seasons summer." The boodlers so-called may be guilty. Let them be proved so. Though they were guiltier than hell, their wrong-doing does not sanction the wrong of denying their rights under the law. When the rights of these men, however depraved, are invaded, then the rights of the best people in the community are invaded. If a guilty man may be "given the worst of it" under forms of law, some day that precedent may be applied to make some guiltless person suffer.

There is a worse thing than boodling. That worse thing is the torturing of forms of law designed for conserving men's rights into an enginery for the destruction of those rights. This worse thing is nearly always done by good men, zealous for the right. It is often sanctioned by high courts when cases in which the public are interested come up just before election time. Courts that cater to clamor for convictions by permitting practices calculated to make conviction certain, are dangerous institutions.

The boodlers should be vigorously prosecuted with every resource at the State's command, but better that they all should escape than that, in the case of any one of them, there should be established a precedent under which, some day, some innocent man may be sent to prison or to the gallows. If this be contempt of the Supreme Court of Missouri, that eminent body may make the most of it.

* * * *

REFLECTIONS

Corelli and Culture

MARIE CORELLI has issued another novel, called "Temporal Power." There have been sold in two weeks thirteen million, eleven thousand, eight hundred and twenty-two copies, and reports from all quarters of the civilized globe indicate an increase in the inmates of bug-houses and a phenomenal prevalence of intoxication. Just what the novel "Temporal Power" refers to, no one has as yet discovered. The critics agree that it is the most wonderful production yet sent forth by the wonderful Marie. The things which the book does to the English language are more than a plenty. Miss Corelli can give G. P. R. James cards and spades in the "headless horseman" style and beat him four points in the game. Her coloratura work is the most gorgeous that time has yet disclosed and she outdoes the Correggios of Correggio. Miss Corelli doesn't know a dod-gasted thing about the subjects upon which she writes, but her ignorance is sublimely splendid in its effrontery. Her conception of human character is the most insane caricature that mortal ever devised, and her literary sense is the most ghastly reminiscence of fine writing that it has ever been any mortal's lot to peruse. She has neither restraint, nor power, nor judgment nor taste. She writes like a woman who might dress in blue, red and green, all at once, and in the loudest tones. She writes like a woman who might wear diamonds in the daytime. Yet she sells her books by the million. She is probably the most successful living author, according to the literary journals. There are many thousands of persons to whose imaginations she stands for all that is exalted and ennobling in literature, and those persons are not by any means confined to the occupations of nurse girl and scullery maid. There are people who think themselves intelligent, who think that Marie Corelli represents art and thought and purpose. They are people who, if asked the question whether they were educated, would

raucously reply in the affirmative. Miss Corelli's success is a symptom of something wrong with what we call popular education. It is an evidence that what we call popular education utterly fails to give the masses of the people any conception of true values in literature. Miss Corelli is an incarnation of the vulgar. Her triumphs indicate that culture is a very negligible quantity in the people who are supposed to be the most generally educated of all the nations of the earth. Such a hit as this woman makes with her work is a thing calculated to make one sit down and weep over the fact that printing was ever invented. This paragraph is penned in response to a number of panting requests that the editor tell his beloved readers what he "thinks" of Miss Corelli's latest "masterpiece." Miss Corelli's masterpieces murder thought, through the simple fact that they are evidently written without it.

* * *

Fine Acting

Should anyone wish to see for how much the actor's art may sometimes count in the success of a play, that person should see "A Modern Magdalen" at the Olympic this week. The play is beneath contempt as literature. It is cheap clap-trap and its moral is not visible to the naked eye, but the actors make the thing actually alive. There never was gathered together a more generally effective and efficient company than that supporting Miss Amelia Bingham. It comes very near to representing the best that this country can present among histrions, and the galaxy can be surpassed in brilliance by nothing in any other country. It takes a play like "A Modern Magdalen" to prove that the actor is a great factor in dramatic effectiveness, and that there is really such a thing as an actor's "art."

* * *

A Warning

SOME of the papers have published the Democratic city "slate." If the slate be correctly printed, the local Democrats had better look out. It is not satisfactory to the many. If the slate be not modified, there is danger that the Democrats will lose the city, and if they lose the city they may lose the State, in spite of Republican folly. This is a tip that had better be heeded.

* * *

The Stagnant World's Fair

THE World's Fair management is coming in for a great deal of well-deserved criticism for its general dilatory tactics. The World's Fair, practically, is not located. The full extent of the site is not yet established. The plans may be said to be still in the clouds owing to various issues, and the dealings of the management with the Wabash railroad, one of the heaviest subscribers to the Fair fund, have been characterized by an obstructiveness that discloses anything but the broad, generous spirit one would expect to find in the leaders of such an enterprise. The contractors are held down to petty details that only serve to annoy them while delaying the work. The workmen on the grounds are dissatisfied with the conditions imposed upon them. The seekers for concessions are exasperated by delays and by the system of passing a man along from one official to another without his obtaining any satisfaction from any one. The complaint from everybody who has business with the Fair management is that there doesn't seem to be anything done straightway and off the bat. The rule is procrastination everywhere. No man seems to do anything until he has consulted fifty others and then he usually refers it to someone else. From all sides comes the

tale that the Fair work suffers from too much consultation and deliberation. Nothing ever appears to be settled. Everything appears to be waiting upon some one's calculation as to the advisability of doing anything. The policy of putting people off prevails in almost every department and those persons who come to the city to see the management complain that they are kept continuously inflated with hot air, that they are jolted along from pillar to post and that there is absolutely no way of determining when any matter will be definitely settled. All this complaining cannot be based upon imaginary grievances. Most of it must be due to actual circumstances that exacerbate the complainants. The MIRROR submits that such conditions do not indicate that the Fair will be open to the public in May, 1904. The Fair management must put a little steam into its operations. It must get a hustle on itself. The members must be permitted, and even urged, to act with regard to affairs of which they are supposed to have charge. The World's Fair management is stagnant. It needs some ginger.

* * *

Civic Awakening

SOME time ago, Vance C. McCormick was elected Mayor of the City of Harrisburg, Pa., by the independent element of voters favoring municipal improvements and reform. He is still less than thirty years old, but has an amount of intelligence, grit and energy in him that promise to make him the best Mayor the city ever had in its history of one hundred and seventeen years. Before joining the crusade for municipal improvements and a New Harrisburg, what little fame he possessed rested on his achievements as a Yale football captain. Since assuming the duties of chief executive of the city he has developed qualities which nobody suspected, and the many citizens who supported him are congratulating themselves on the good sense which they displayed in voting for him. He is pushing things along with a zeal and a vim that he could not have acquired elsewhere than on the football field. The new Mayor displays an unprecedented independence of thought and action. While a Democrat in politics, he lends a willing ear to the complaints and suggestions of men of all parties. There is no politics in his administration. He invites counsel and criticism; he wants voters to air their opinions freely. The National Municipal League has published a pamphlet containing an address delivered by J. Horace McFarland, entitled "Harrisburg's Advance," which should make interesting reading for St. Louisans, in view of the movement for municipal betterment now taking shape here. Mr. McFarland sketches the work done by the Civic Improvement League of Harrisburg from the beginning. The campaign was started two years ago by an energetic lady member of the Civic Club; then taken up by a large number of progressive citizens, supported by the newspapers, and subsidized by voluntary contributions. Through non-partisan, well-directed efforts, civic pride and patriotism were roused to a high pitch. Voluntary contributions amounted to more than \$10,000, ninety per cent of which came from the sixty citizens who pay one-eighth of the taxes. The unprogressive, narrow-minded element of tax-payers was, of course, determined in its opposition to everything proposed by the crusaders. Like all other large cities, Harrisburg has its share of "lobsters" and despicable curmudgeons, who are against every municipal improvement that may cost them a few dollars. This class tried everything to down the reformers. Its members made speeches; they raised rents—one of the star tricks of municipal yahoos—they set up a howl over

proposals to increase the rate of taxation. They did not care for new parks, better sewerage, more playgrounds, beautiful streets and boulevards, tenement and river front improvements, and pure water. Old conditions were good enough for them; they preferred to live under all the evils to which they had been accustomed for years. Even a well-authenticated abnormal increase in typhoid cases had no terror for them. Fortunately, however, their opposition was unavailing. The crusaders had done their work. The masses of voters had become convinced that Harrisburg had to be redeemed from dilapidation and corruption, and the independent candidates were swept into office by handsome majorities. Every clean, honest and progressive Democrat and Republican on the municipal tickets was picked out and elected. According to the statements of Mr. McFarland, results so far obtained are eminently encouraging. Mayor McCormick has regenerated the police-department; crime has decreased; arrests are fewer, "speak-easies" and gambling places have closed up voluntarily. The municipal assembly is fostering the movement for better and purer government, and projects of a New Harrisburg are rapidly approaching materialization. The Harrisburg instance proves that the average American citizen can be enlisted in the municipal improvement propaganda, and that he is beginning to realize that National politics has nothing to do with the administration of a municipality. Municipal voters are cutting loose from partisan ties; they are disposed to think independently, and to cast their ballots for men only who have their confidence, who are fit for the places they wish to fill, and who will act in the interest of all the citizens, instead of a few. American cities will, before many years have elapsed, be worthy of American citizens and American institutions. There is an awakening on this subject in every important city in the country. Politics are getting better. The corruptionists everywhere seem to be forced to the wall and fighting for their lives. There is great hope in all this for the purification of National politics. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.



The Significance of the Iowa Incident

SPEAKER D. B. HENDERSON's withdrawal from the race for Congress has given the Republican campaign managers a black eye. It has disclosed the drift of political sentiment in the Middle West; it has made it clear that protection is losing ground, and that intelligent voters have done some thinking of their own in reference to monopolistic prosperity and "trust-busting." Republican oracles are trying to belittle the significance of the Iowa incident; they would fain make the country believe that the Hawkeye platform is in accord with the time-honored principles of the Republican party, and that the demand for tariff-revision is but a glittering generality. Speaker Henderson is a hide-bound Republican; his political views are of the orthodox type; he is for protection under any and all circumstances. He is opposed to tariff-revision; he does not believe "that a single schedule of the Dingley tariff law can be so amended as to relieve the people from the oppression of trusts, or combinations of capital, however named." According to his ideas, the Dingley law is the most profound piece of statesmanship that the mind of man ever concocted; it is the *ne plus ultra* of political economy. He is willing to curse the hand that would dare to touch it, to alter it in the least. Mr. Henderson does not take any stock in the theory that a high tariff fosters the growth of trusts,

and a concentration of wealth in the hands of a favored class. He pays no attention to the fact that, under the sheltering wings of protection, Andrew Carnegie, within a period of less than twenty years, managed to accumulate a fortune of more than \$300,000,000, and that the huge profits of the Standard Oil Trust are being swelled by a drawback-clause in the Dingley law which must be presumed to have been inserted for its exclusive benefit. Mr. Henderson will not admit that a lowering of duties would check the growth or the inequitable profits of combines. Like many of his stripe of political thought, he clings to the opinion, perhaps against his better knowledge, that a billion dollar monopoly needs protection that will enable it to pay good dividends on \$500,000,000 of stock that does not represent any tangible value, and that a rapacious, bloated, beef-trust should be nursed and sheltered with paternal solicitude. Republicans seem to take extreme delight in reiterating the threadbare statement that "free-trade England is the home of trusts." So far, however, they have failed to substantiate this wild assertion. There are trade-combinations in England as well as in other countries of Europe, but they are mere pygmies, compared with our gigantic Morgan creations. English steel manufacturers recently effected an amalgamation the total capital of which does not amount to more than \$70,000,000. If Europeans are really engaged in effecting trade-combinations, we can express no surprise. They are simply fighting us with our own weapons. They are retaliating in kind. They are adopting the only proper means of self-defense. We cannot expect them to sit still and allow themselves to be victimized by our billion-dollar monopolies. If the American iron industry were at present in a state of severe depression, the United States Steel Corporation would be compelled, and able, to undersell every European manufacturer in his own domestic market. Our Republican friends are following an *ignis fatuus* by endeavoring to extricate themselves out of a swamp of economic inconsistencies and absurdities with hair-brained assertions that Europe is the native lair of trusts. Protection generates the evil of monopoly at home and abroad. It gives huge combines the control of domestic markets; swells their profits to enormous proportions; induces them to consolidate and to inflate their capitalization, and, ultimately, to ruin foreign competitors by selling goods at a lower price abroad than at home. The Republican zealots still delude themselves with the idea that American voters can be humbugged with highfalutin, hyperbolic platitudes about the benefits which protection confers upon the workingman. Judging by their utterances, they do not care a rap for corporations. Their tender solicitude is monopolized by the dinner-pail carrier, and yet they squirm and scream when anybody tenders propositions looking towards a curbing of trust arrogance. The Republicans never cease to drool inanities about theirs being the party that does things and that has ever been inimical to monopolies. Yet they never made any honest effort to enforce the Sherman anti-trust law. President Roosevelt, true to his convictions and the interests of the people, proposes to enact new Federal legislation providing for trust-regulation, but his ideas and proposals are not meeting with the enthusiastic endorsement of the party's high priests and bosses. The party sanhedrim looks with disfavor upon all schemes that antagonize monopolies. It has never given any intimation that it is in accord with the President's attitude towards the Northern Securities merger. Its policy is that of Judas: betraying while professing friendship. The leaders gave

proof of this when they opposed Cuban concessions and allowed thirteen reciprocity-treaties to accumulate dust in pigeon-holes. Reciprocity is but a variation of free trade. President Roosevelt has decided to make it the principal topic of his political talk in the West, and has thereby acknowledged that protection is losing ground. He is better and wiser than his party. He realizes which way the wind is blowing. His independence of thought and action, his interest in the welfare of the masses, his progressive liberalism are not liked by the Republican trust-clique, which continues to face the past, its wrongs and mistakes. The President disapproved of Henderson's withdrawal, but he does not endorse Henderson's tariff principles. The Iowa incident has strengthened Roosevelt's position. If the Republican bosses have any wisdom left, they will rally around the President and further and support his policies. If they refuse to heed the warnings of the President, their party will go to smash. The industrial and agricultural producers of America need enlarged markets abroad. Protection will not provide them, but free trade will.



Intellectual Progress

Is modern literature in a state of pronounced atrophy? To this question a leading British scholar replies in the affirmative. Crass materialism and love of luxury, he thinks, are responsible for the intellectual decay in the world of true literature. Modern England has not a single great poet or novelist, or at least none that could at all be compared with Byron, Wordsworth or Walter Scott. This is, to a certain extent, true. Neither England, nor any other country, has a literary genius at the present time. Mediocrity predominates. Mankind is interested in other things at the present day. It strives to better its economic position. Science and industry occupy it almost exclusively. But it cannot be said that there has been intellectual decay. What we may have lost on one side, we have more than gained on the other. We have certainly made progress. We know more about physical sciences than did our ancestors. The human intellect has achieved marvelous results in the last thirty years. It has not been idle; it has at no time given any symptom of decay. If it has drifted away from *belles lettres*, it has grappled with and solved problems in the world of science from which stupendous results are yet to be expected. There has been no intellectual retrogression, but only a shifting from one sphere of endeavor to the other. It has been, and still is, a transitional period. When it is completed, we may expect a revival of *belles lettres*, poetry and art. The human mind is not capable of long-sustained effort in one direction. It needs rest once in a while, and generally finds it by changing the character of its task. There is no reason to assume that the age of the literary genius has passed to return no more. He will come to life and be found again in due course of time. A century hence, things literary may, and undoubtedly will, be all changed, and our grandchildren be laughing at the troubles we borrowed about imaginary intellectual decay. After science has thoroughly explored and exploited its newly conquered domain, the intellectual booty will furnish the necessary stimulus for the literary and artistic genius, which will, undoubtedly, give a better account of itself than it ever did before. And thus the world will wag on and dissipate our ever recurring fears and worries. We may, at times, imagine that we are walking in a circle, but we are not. We are stumbling along a seemingly endless path; we

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are progressing all the time. Some of us may grow weary of what we consider *un retour éternel des choses*, a meaningless coming and going, but if they will listen to the inner voice, which is ever guiding us, they will not forget that the seeming farce has a momentous purpose.



The Post Check System

DURING the coming session of Congress, strong efforts should be made to pass a law providing for postal-currency legislation. Some time ago, it was intimated that the Treasury officials were opposed to all proposals aiming at the introduction of a method by which everyday money can be safely sent by mail without the annoyance of securing a money order, because they feared an increase of work. Their influence was strong enough last spring to prevent legislation desired and urged by millions of voters. Yet they know that the exigencies of the times call for a better and more convenient method of transmitting money. It is an insult to the public, to oppose a public measure simply because it may result in making official their positions less easy. The Postmaster General, who is known to favor the postal-currency idea, should come out squarely and boldly in favor of it. If it is properly brought home to Congress that the people want postal currency, Congress will provide for it by legislation in disregard of the wishes of indolent chair-warmers in the offices of the Federal Treasury. The Post check system should be adopted at the earliest possible date.



Polar Expeditions and Science

LIEUTENANT PEARY has come back from the Arctic regions, and sorrowfully admits that he has again been unsuccessful in his attempt to reach the North Pole. His last expedition brought him to latitude 83 degrees 27 minutes, or within about 340 miles of the coveted goal. While he failed to penetrate as far North as did the Nansen or the Abruzzi expedition, he continues confident that the North Pole will soon be reached. His last expedition was beset with the usual difficulties and hardships, but the exploring party appears to have overcome them with more ease and comfort than had previously been the case. One curious result of the expedition has been the finding of the instruments, chronometers and Arctic library abandoned by the Greely party some years ago. In his letter to the Peary Arctic Club, of New York, Lieutenant Peary intimates that he has secured numerous specimens of Arctic fauna, the skeleton of a two-horned narwhal, an extremely rare specimen, and also living specimens of musk ox, walrus and Arctic hare. It goes without saying that Arctic scientific lore will be materially enriched by the results and reports of the Peary expedition, and that new zest will be given to schemes to explore the region of the Midnight Sun until the North Pole has been discovered. To the average layman these polar expeditions may seem rather Quixotic and absolutely useless, but in scientific circles, they arouse deep curiosity and are invested with considerable importance. Scientists expect them to result in important cosmographical and meteorological revelations. There is also an impression that they will eventually give us a better and more comprehensive knowledge of ocean currents. Since 1895, expeditions to the Antarctic have added largely to scientific knowledge, and almost engendered the impression that more far-reaching results are to be obtained down there than in the Arctic region. Polar explorers may, to some extent, be

actuated by adventurous impulses, but they, at the same time, are doing something that cannot but benefit mankind in the end, and their efforts are, therefore, entitled to our sympathetic interest and sincere appreciation.



Champagne-Politics

ALL Europe has been awakened from its autumnal torpor by the "blazing indiscretions" of M. Pelletan, the bellicose French Minister of Marine. Diplomats stand aghast at the oratorical flights of the statesman-like tar, who talked with an abandon and a recklessness that must have had a hair-raising effect on the rest of his colleagues in the French Cabinet. Joseph Chamberlain has been outdone by the doughty Frenchman, who, after imbibing a generous quantity of excellent champagne, launched into a violent philippic which fairly bristled with insults to England, Germany and Italy. The mighty mariner terrified his Bizerta audience with sensational remarks about the imperative necessity of preparing for a "holy war" against the enemies of France and of maintaining French supremacy in the Mediterranean, and incidentally remarked that a profound sense of insecurity exists throughout the civilized world. M. Pelletan must have been under the influence of a good "jag." On no other theory can his remarkable oratorical performance be explained. It is to be presumed that the French Government is at present kept busy explaining to London, Berlin and Rome that M. Pelletan was talking through his hat at Bizerta, and that his words are entitled to no consideration. The upshot of the incident will be that France will be more closely watched than ever by her enemies, and that military and naval expenditures will continue to grow. M. Pelletan has adopted a poor way of safeguarding the peace of Europe and hastening the day of everlasting peace. His remarks will have no serious, direct consequences, but they have served to throw a lurid flashlight upon a situation that is, to say the least, not reassuring, in spite of a constant interchange of courtesies, showers of decorations and diplomatic flatteries. A drunken man, like a child or a fool, is prone to tell the truth. M. Pelletan has not been wise in his champagne-flavored utterances, but he has undoubtedly stated some facts in all their brutal nakedness. Europe, at the present day, is an armed camp. Behind Bismarck's "decorative politics" there are the "hates that watch and crawl."



An Important Diplomatic Note

THE barbarous, inhuman treatment of the Jews in Roumania has induced Secretary of State Hay to make a powerful appeal, in the interest of humanity and tolerance, to the European powers which signed the treaty of Berlin in 1878. Roumania is an independent country. Its population is of a mixed character, but the Latin element seems to predominate. After becoming a Roman colony under Emperor Hadrian, and being settled and developed by Gothic barbarians, who, in the course of time, adopted the language, laws and customs of Rome, it remained subject to the rule of the Byzantine Empire until the Moslems conquered and enslaved it. Like Hungary, Servia and Bulgaria, Roumania was closed to Western civilization and Christian culture until the Turks were compelled to loosen their hold and to retire towards Constantinople. After the election of a South German Prince as King, Roumania made rapid progress. Economic conditions improved; industries, commerce, arts and education

began to flourish; agriculture experienced a marvelous development, and the people slowly realized that they had a future; that they were of some importance to the outside world. Since 1880, Roumania has given a good account of herself, and grown to such an extent that Russia, the mighty neighbor to the North, has, on various occasions, evidenced strong symptoms of jealousy at the intelligent progressiveness of the young kingdom. Just now it is generally understood that Roumania is a secret partner of the Triple Alliance. Her strategical position is rather weak, and her future endangered by the Russian schemes to bring about a federation of the Slav races and to drive the Turk across the Bosphorus. St. Petersburg looks upon the robust kingdom of the Lower Danube as being Slav, notwithstanding the fact that the language of the country is Latin and closely allied to the Italian. The population contains, of course, various minor heterogeneous elements. There are Servians, Hungarians, Ruthenians and Bulgarians, together with about 500,000 Jews. The latter are regarded as aliens. The Roumanian Jew has always been an object of hatred and contempt in Russia and Roumania. He has, at the present day, more rights and protection under the rule of the Sultan than in the Christian countries of Eastern and Southeastern Europe. The treaty of Berlin, as is pointed out by Mr. Hay, contains an express stipulation that in Roumania differences of "religious creed and confession shall not be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions and honors, or the exercise of the various professions and industries in any locality whatsoever." This stipulation applies to the Jews as well as everybody else. But it has, for some years past, been practically a nullity. The Roumanian Jew is badgered and hunted to death. He is deprived of employment, of education and legal protection. Like his religious brethren in Russia, he is barred from schools and professions; he is deprived of everything that might help him to become a self-respecting, useful member of human society. He is not allowed to own land. Various branches of trade and manual employment are closed to him. Everything is done to debase, to oppress and to pauperize him. It is, therefore, no wonder that Jewish emigration has assumed enormous proportions. In the last few years, there has been a large influx of Russian and Roumanian Jews into the United States, which they regard as their best haven of refuge. Thousands of these unfortunates are, naturally, in an awful state of destitution and in need of charitable assistance upon their arrival. They become a charge upon American communities and remain so for a considerable length of time. As Mr. Hay says, "granting that, in better and more healthful surroundings, the morbid conditions will eventually change for good, such immigration is necessarily, for a time, a burden to the community upon which the fugitives may be cast. Self-reliance and the knowledge and ability that envelop the power of self-support must be developed, and, at the same time, avenues of employment must be opened in quarters where competition is already keen and opportunities are scarce." The United States welcomes immigration that is voluntary, that is, not caused by acts of cruelty, persecution and systematized pauperization. But the Roumanian Jew does not come to this country of his own, free will. He is merely a fugitive from a land of tyrannical cruelty. And it is, for this reason, that Mr. Hay has

considered himself justified in addressing his note to the European powers which signed the Berlin treaty. "The United States," he says, "offers asylum to the oppressed of all lands, but its sympathy with them in no wise impairs its just liberty and right to weigh the acts of the oppressor in the light of their effects upon this country, and to judge accordingly." With these words, Mr. Hay has established a valuable precedent for future action in cases of the same kind. He has emphasized the right of this, or any other country, to consider itself aggrieved, injured and wronged, and to voice its protest, whenever the government of a foreign country commits any acts which violate the fundamental principles of humanity, and either directly or indirectly have a prejudicial effect upon the political or economic interests of other countries. The Roumanian note is an important step in the right direction. It is eminently Christian, eminently cosmopolitan. It breathes the spirit of the brotherhood of man. But will it be heeded? Will it have any effect? What will Russia think of it as a severe condemnation of its own anti-Semitism? It is not likely that Russia will care to interfere in Roumania and do something towards bettering the condition of the Jew, while ostracising, kicking and flogging him at home. However, Mr. Hay has done well. American statesmanship has again scored heavily, made it clear to the nations of Europe that Americans still have more love of humanity than of the almighty dollar in their republican hearts and that the souls of Jefferson and Lincoln are still marching on. The light of modern civilization beats fiercely upon all acts that degrade and outrage humanity, no matter upon whom and no matter where committed. The world has passed the times of dragnades and massacre fests, when every government could act as it pleased, and tell the outside world to mind its own business. Mr. Hay's humanity may be based on selfish grounds; yet it is humanity, nevertheless. In the last analysis, there is not much difference between some kinds of humanity and selfishness. At times, selfishness itself is a virtue.



SHEPARD FOR PRESIDENT

BY WHIDDEN GRAHAM

THE fact that the Democrats must carry the State of New York in order to elect their candidate for President in 1904, serves to give that State greater prominence in the councils of the party than any section of the Union with an equal electoral vote. And it is generally conceded that if the Democratic candidate does not come from New York he must at least be acceptable to the Democrats of that State.

It is evident that David B. Hill is again in absolute control of the party machine throughout the State, outside of New York City and, possibly, Buffalo. As Mr. Hill has been an avowed candidate for the Democratic nomination for President since 1888 it is fair to assume that, in 1904, he will be able to secure the support of a majority of the delegates from his State, and, if he can fix up a deal with Tammany and the Brooklyn Democracy, he may be, as in 1892, the unanimous choice of the Empire State.

But this is as far as the Hill movement will go. No sensible person believes that Mr. Hill can be nominated for President. It is doubtful whether he has ever deceived himself with the belief that he could secure a nomination, and his re-appearance as a candidate in

1904 will be merely for the purpose of making the best possible terms with the nominee of the convention and his friends. Assuming, then, that the instructions of the various State delegations, or the first vote in the National convention, will show the futility of regarding Mr. Hill seriously as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, there remains the question: has New York another candidate?

If fitness for the high position to be filled were the only consideration, there would be no hesitation as to the reply. For in the person of Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the recent Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York City, New York State has a representative of Presidential calibre, and one who is worthy of the united support of his State.

Whether that support will be forthcoming will depend largely on David B. Hill. Mr. Shepard has never hesitated, in the stormy controversies of past years, to express his disapproval of some of Mr. Hill's political methods. Is the latter revengeful? Does he cherish a grudge? Would he prefer a Western candidate to any New Yorker but himself? Or has he learned the lesson that personal quarrels are too small for the large field of National politics? These are questions that Mr. Hill alone can answer, but his action in meeting on a friendly footing, at the recent Tilden club dinner, his former political antipathy, Ex-President Cleveland, would indicate that he is willing to sink personal disagreements in the interest of party success.

In the event that Mr. Hill is wise enough to subordinate his personal feelings and to drop out of a hopeless contest in favor of Mr. Shepard, many things are more unlikely than the nomination of the latter for President. In this view as to the outcome of the next Democratic National convention I am not guided by personal preference, for I unhesitatingly favor Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, and will use my small influence to secure his nomination. But, for reasons which seem good and sufficient to a majority of the delegates, Mr. Johnson's selection may not be deemed advisable, and the choice will then almost certainly be made from among what is termed the "Conservative Democracy."

Not that Mr. Shepard would be willing to be classed as a Conservative. On the contrary he is, in his views on the large political issues of the day, a radical, if a radical means one who goes to the root of great issues. But in contrast with Mr. Bryan's position on the question of "the standard of value" Mr. Shepard is a "conservative," and it is from the conservative element of the Democracy that he would receive the greater proportion of his support as a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Viewed from the standpoint of those Democrats who believe that making the question of "the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of 16 to 1," the paramount issue of the Democratic creed was a National blunder. Mr. Edward M. Shepard is easily the strongest candidate whose name may be presented to the next Democratic convention. To those who, previous to his nomination as Democratic candidate for Mayor of the Greater New York, have known of him only as the leader of an independent movement in the city of Brooklyn, who had for years fought the typical corrupt, local machine, this will seem a highly exaggerated statement, yet it is strictly true. During the recent Mayoralty campaign Mr. Shepard was frequently spoken of by admirers, who intended to compliment him, as "a second Tilden." As a matter of fact this was not praise, for Mr. Shepard is in every way

superior to the late sage of Greystone. He is, first of all, a greater intellect, an acute mind, possessing larger power of concentration and of generalization. He is undoubtedly a greater lawyer than was Tilden, and is recognized as one of the leaders of his profession in the United States. In his capacity for sustained, careful reasoning on any subject of [public discussion he is excelled by few or none of the Democratic leaders of the day, and while not, in the accepted sense of the word, an "orator," he is a clear, forcible and convincing speaker, lacking not the essential salt of ability to expose the absurd and incongruous in the views of his opponents. This capacity for calm and orderly reasoning in public make the reports of his speeches read like carefully prepared and polished literature, and the contrast between the rival candidates for Mayor of New York in the recent contest was in no way more striking than in the published reports of their speeches. Mr. Low's conventional platitudes and elephantine attempts at humor at Mr. Shepard's expense, on the ground of the latter's alleged inconsistency in accepting a nomination from Tammany after his former criticisms of that organization, were painful reading, as compared with the logic, wit and satire with which his opponent flayed the "non-partisan" partisans and professional reformers.

This much as to what Mr. Shepard is. What does he believe? Or, as Thomas Carlyle would ask, what is his religion? His own reply would probably be in one word: "Democracy." But, as there are many shades of Democracy, from that of W. J. Bryan and Louis F. Post to that of W. C. Whitney and Arthur Pue Gorman, it is necessary to particularize.

Briefly then, Mr. Shepard believes in the essentials of the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson: that a true government rests on the consent of the governed; that that government is best that governs least; that the law should aim to establish equal and exact justice for all; that there should be no special privileges or favored classes; that it is not the function of government to protect fools against the consequences of their own folly, or to recompense one set of persons for engaging in an unprofitable occupation. Practically applied, his philosophy leads to Free Trade, as against the Protection nostrum and subsidy systems; it condemns the idea, new to this country but as old as mankind, that one set of men have a right to govern another set of men without the latter's consent; it demands the repeal of all laws granting to certain favored individuals the right to exploit their fellow citizens; it opposes anything in the nature of a law-created monopoly for private ends; and it is forever hostile to the Republican policies of centralization, paternalism and imperialism.

In regard to the money question; that is, first, as to the standard of values; and, second, as to the method of supplying a sufficient amount of legal tender money, and "money of account" or currency. Mr. Shepard by no means represents what is usually called the "Wall Street" position. While he believes that gold is the best standard for measuring values, he does not hold that our present banking and currency system is an ideal one, but, on the contrary, believes that it should be radically amended so as to furnish the business interests of the country—of which interests he considers the agricultural industry of greatest importance—with an abundant supply of safe, sound and elastic currency. He realizes that the farmers of the country have an undoubted grievance in the present financial conditions which make practically no provision for additional supplies of currency at the seasons of the

year when the crops are to be marketed, and favors such National legislation as may be necessary to remedy this state of affairs.

The chief issue in the next National contest will undoubtedly be that of remedies for the evils of what are known as "Trusts,"—the great combinations of capital which control the industrial and transportation interests of the country. As an enemy of every form of monopoly Mr. Shepard favors the removal of the protection given by law to the trusts, whereby they are enabled to oppress the people through higher prices, or by unfair discrimination. He knows that it is not the large amount of capital represented in a trust that gives it power to rob the consuming public, but the special conditions which prevent full and fair competition. I do not know how far Mr. Shepard is prepared to go with the repeal of the class legislation to which practically all the injurious trusts are indebted for their ability to pay dividends on a capitalization vastly greater than their real value, but if he is consistent with his own professions he will favor a broad, general policy of abolishing all laws interfering with the fullest possible competition.

In a word, Mr. Shepard stands resolutely for the true Democratic idea of curing the evils of foolish and unjust laws, not by some half-baked Socialistic scheme of Federal control or regulation of great industries, such as has recently been proposed by the most eminent statesman of Oyster Bay, but by the simple and sovereign method of repealing the inequitable laws.

Able, honest and courageous, Mr. Shepard will, in the near future, exercise a deserved influence in the councils of his party. Whether he will attract that popular following which will make him President of the United States will depend on whether he will, during the next two years, follow his own logic to its legitimate conclusions, and associate himself with the growing popular Democratic movement against privilege in any and every form. If he will see that this principle of equality of all men under the laws involves the equal right of all men to an opportunity to work and enjoy the fruits of their labor; that the principle of free trade involves the corollary of free production; and that the Jeffersonian doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none" demands the repeal of all the class legislation now on our statute books, he will be one of the leaders, if not the leader, of the great Democratic revival which will sweep away the wrongs and abuses which have been the result of Republican misrule.



EARTH'S WEARIEST

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

TWAS God in heaven who spake to Death,

Who stood beside His knee:
"Oh, lover of all men that live,
Whose arms clasp land and sea,
Find thou on earth the weariest soul
And bear it swift to me."

It was God's messenger who went
Swift-footed on his way;
Like flame he crossed the rim of night,
Like shadow crossed the day,
And as he passed the glad dead smiled
As soothed children may.

It was God's messenger who sped
Like blown wind through the spheres,
Across the little paths of earth,
With feet that no man hears.

The Mirror

He reached the portal of that place
That is the House of Tears.

It was God's messenger who stood
And watched with pitying eyes
The burning tears of those who wept,
Who heard the broken sighs
Of men who cried aloud their griefs
And mourned their miseries.

It was God's messenger who spake:
"Not theirs the gift I bring.
Behold, the sorrow that is said
Becomes a little thing;
And there is solace in man's tears
That is God's comforting."

It was God's messenger who went
The little ways of earth.
The red moon shone in the clouds
Like fire upon a hearth,
And lo! he came unto that place
That is the House of Mirth.

It was God's messenger who heard
The laughter and the cheer.
The wine was red upon the board,
The lights burned high and clear,
And one laugh rang above the rest
That joyed men's hearts to hear.

It was God's messenger who heard
One voice above the rest—
She who was gayest in the song
And quickest with the jest.
And lo! he saw the broken heart
That ached within her breast.

It was God's messenger who bent
And touched her tenderly;
"Great is the anguish of a smile
That shows where grief should be,
And awful are the unshed tears
That never man may see."

It was God's messenger who spake
The word that no man saith;
It was the poor soul in his arms
That smiled in her last breath,
"Strove I not well—how didst thou know
I was so weary, Death?"

From the September Smart Set.



THE WORLD GROWS BETTER

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE

MALTHUSIANISM is fast dying out. Every few months, a more or less eminent statistician rises to a point of order, and adduces figures to prove that Malthus did not know what he was talking about when he promulgated his theory that the human race can only save itself from ultimate starvation by a restriction of propagation or by mutual throat-cutting at stated intervals and according to scientific principles. When the British sociologist dropped his theological lucubrations and conjured up visions of starving millions, he could not possibly foresee the tremendous scientific and industrial development which made the nineteenth century the most remarkable in the history of the human race. Modern science has deprived Malthusianism of any value or significance that it may have possessed. Mankind is now getting along better than it ever did before. If there ever

was a golden age, it could not have surpassed the one we are now enjoying.

That economic and sociologic conditions are improving steadily has been satisfactorily demonstrated in an address recently delivered by Professor Brentano, Rector of the University of Munich, and a well-known authority on political economy. According to figures cited by this able investigator, Malthusianism has not a leg left to stand on. Professor Brentano proves that material conditions are continuing to improve without hardly any perceptible interruption, and this in spite of the astonishing fact that since the beginning of the nineteenth century there has been a growth in the world's population from about 900,000,000 to 1,600,000,000. Going into details, this German authority informs us that, in 1794, more than 6 per cent of the male population of Bavaria over the age of twenty-one could be regarded as beggars. Serfdom of a most oppressive nature prevailed in the agricultural sections. Legislation regulated the scale of wages to be paid to laborers. Nobody was allowed to pay more than eleven cents a day; whoever paid or accepted more than this had to suffer cruel punishment. During the century that has elapsed since the days of this grinding despotism, the kingdom has doubled its population; its wealth has increased enormously, and the people are prosperous and contented.

Great Britain furnishes like facts and figures. Sir Robert Griffen's statistical tables show that, in 1812, the per capita wealth of the United Kingdom was one hundred and sixty pounds sterling, and that, in 1885, it had increased to two hundred and seventy pounds sterling. All classes of the population shared in the economic betterment and the gain in national wealth. There was an increase in wages from 1840 to 1900 of almost 130 per cent. Yet the population of England and Wales, since 1800, has risen from about 8,600,000 to 32,000,000.

The statistical records of other countries are likewise a complete refutation of the theories of Malthus. Everybody knows that Germany and France gained enormously in wealth during the nineteenth century, notwithstanding the fact that the population of the former has risen from 25,000,000, in 1816, to almost 58,000,000, and that of the latter from 27,000,000, in 1801, to 38,000,000 at the present day. The only European country that shows a decrease in population, since 1800, is Ireland.

Like the United States, Europe reports a decline in the rate of mortality. Since 1820, the rate in Europe has dropped from 31.5 per thousand to 27.3 per thousand. When the figures of the countries of western Europe are tabulated, however, the decline in the rate of mortality per thousand becomes still more marked. Owing to a higher state of civilization there than in the Eastern portion of the Old World, the rate has dropped from 28 to 23.4 per thousand.

Malthus, it will be remembered, advanced the theory that every material improvement in the economic condition of mankind is followed by a higher marriage rate. Yet England reports a non-materialization of Malthusian predictions. The number of marriages was 8.5 from 1851 to 1860, 7.5 from 1881 to 1890, and 7.9 from 1890 to 1900. Similar figures are presented by statisticians of the continental countries. The birth rate is also declining, but principally on account of factors not Malthusian. France, of course, furnishes the most striking figures. There, the birth rate has fallen from 4.36 in 1884 to 3.63 in 1900. Some authorities venture the opinion that the disappointing birth statistics in France are the indirect result of long wars,

which induced a sacrifice of the flower of French manhood, and left men of inferior physical and mental endowments for procreative purposes.

After a close perusal of the address of Professor Brentano, the conviction is inevitably forced upon us that there is absolutely no reason to grow pessimistic about the future of the human race, or to persist in gurgling rhapsodies about the good, old times. Modern industrial forces, steam and electricity, are not going to ruin mankind. While the world's population is increasing rapidly, wealth is piling up at a still more phenomenal ratio. It is enlarging production to such an enormous extent that the human mind cannot foresee or imagine the time when consumption will overtake it. The genius of the race will take care of the race as it has always done.



SOUTHWEST COLONIZATION

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY

THE recent meeting of the passenger officials of the Southwestern railroads and their discussion of so interesting a topic as the colonization of the vast regions traversed by their roads, suggest some features of the imminent transformation of that territory that are interesting. A friend of mine, recently returned from a walk through Europe, says that he saw, somewhere in France, a family of peasants moving from a six-acre farm, or, rather, moving the farm itself to a new location. The true surface of the space they had been renting was solid limestone. They had brought the soil with them when they took possession, and, now that they were leaving, they were carrying off the coating of earth in bags and barrows. In spite of the enormous labor necessary to the cultivation of a few acres, in spite of the expense of transporting their ground, and the waning fertility of that precious earth which they had been using for years, these French farmers, or gardeners, were prosperous, as rural prosperity goes in the old countries.

When you pause to consider the prodigal, slip-shod, reckless manner in which the American farmer addresses himself to the business of husbandry, when you contemplate the trackless reaches of perfect land which yet remain untouched of plow or drill in the Southwest, you will hardly deny that the advent of a great army of those foreign rustics would be an example and a blessing to the prairie and pasture lands of our untenanted interior. I take it that a race of men which will flourish under circumstances such as my friend saw on the rocky wastes of Europe, would not dishonor American citizenship or diminish the opportunities of his American neighbor in a field that is immeasurably beyond even the swift efforts and multiplying potentialities of the farming population of the United States for many years to come.

Nor will any sparsely settled region of like area in any other part of the world compare, for natural advantages of climate, soil and accessibility, with those of Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri and even Arizona. The equability of the climate is not drugged with the soporifics of the tropics, nor is there any cereal indigenous to the more Northern latitudes of our central Western States that will not outspeed and outyield its Northern kin in the phenomenal lands of the Southwest. The study of maps and meteorological charts has given a widespread impression that Texas, for instance, is a tropic climz asleep in the languorous torpor of perpetual summer; that its people become lotus eaters and dream

away half their lives between cigarettes. The truth is that there is no more vitalizing, sap-stirring atmosphere on earth than that of the vast central and Western plains of Texas. Even in the hot lowlands of the coastal region and the bottom lands of widening rivers near the Gulf the sun may wither but it never melts you. The wind may whip and blister, but it will not stupify you.

It seems anomalous to find in Indian Territory and Oklahoma the finest cotton in the world growing alongside of hard wheat and grains that were once supposed to be impossible outside of the Northern States. Not till within the decade has Kansas discovered the singularly wide and intense possibilities of its own soil, and even in that most marvelous agricultural community, the ultimate benefits of economic farming, as expressed in diversity, rotation and feasibility of untried plants, are yet remote. Half the farmers in central and western Texas have no idea of what their lands will do, though the influence of Kansas' example is now gradually penetrating into the Lone Star State. Always, thus far, the tendency of American agriculture has been to lean upon nature, to demand everything of existing conditions and to give no hostages in the way of experiment, concentration or superfluous toil. Mortgaged reapers, left to stand rusting in the rain during idle seasons, have long been a familiar evidence of the American husbandman's extravagance or thriftlessness. It has always been so easy to acquire land, to get credit, to "pull through, somehow" that the Western farmer long ago acquired loose habits and the wealth and comforts he has acquired during the past ten years have been thrust upon him by complacent nature, widening markets and the energetic co-operation of the great railroad systems which have brought the world of buyers to his very gates.

The drouths which depopulated Western Kansas many years ago and left tenantless cities to crumble before the hot and rainless breezes of successive seasons, were the best blessings that ever befell a new community. They proved in unanswerable demonstration the futility of attempting to rear cities in a region that had not been made pregnant with the seeds of agriculture. They rehabilitated the trite truism that the farmer is the master of his country's prosperity. The "busted" booms of Western Kansas gave a new meaning to the pioneering spirit of young Americans by showing conclusively that fake real-estate values and inflated civic activities must be disastrous unless the industrial and practical farmer were there to "make good," ready to keep pace with that progress which is the result and not a cause of successful pioneering. The ruin which pursued those Eastern adventurers who were responsible for the Kansas boom, was not retribution wasted. It stimulated inquiry into the merits of grains that were at that time, unheard of in American farm-houses. It introduced into the West, Jerusalem and Kaffir corn, non-saccharine forage canes and a half-dozen other dry-sod crops that are already yielding in Kansas alone an average annual return of over thirty-millions of dollars.

The Southwest is the only portion of the United States in which the trend of increasing population is not towards the cities. There are many reasons for this, but I think the principal one is the cheapness of land and the certainty of profits from the fields, the orchards and the gardens. The improvements in all modern conveniences and the relatively small cost of transportation, the ubiquity of the telephone, the daily newspaper, and the telegraph contribute to the ease and economy of life on the farm, and I believe, under exist-

ing conditions, it will be many years before the urban growth of the Southwest attains anything like the proportions achieved by cities of the Northern and Eastern States.

And considered in this sense, and admitting an almost axiomatic law of industrial economy which compels mechanical industries and manufacturing progress to wait upon the symmetrical spread of rural population, the concerted agreement of the Southwestern railroads to bend their united energies to the business of colonizing that region is most wise and timely. In spite of the extraordinary economic advantages now offered to all kinds of manufacturing enterprise by the fuel, mineral, lumber, textile and cattle resources of Texas, that richly endowed State must continue to put forth its wealth under the wasteful exigencies of remote factory markets, a paucity of labor at home, a sparse rural population and all the deterrent conditions included in the disproportion between the enormous native manufacturing facilities and the slender development of the "back country." Colonization seems to be the most tangible and readiest cure for the stunted condition of manufacturing and municipal growth in the new country; not cheap foreign labor, but farmer colonists, industrious, law-abiding, ambitious, freedom-loving tillers of the soil, from whose small, but well-tilled, homesteads there would pour annually into the cities that wealth of crops and money without which mighty industrial centers are impossible, no matter how favored by unlimited resources in raw material and willing investors from without.



NOTABLE ART CRITICISM

BY S. O. HOWES

EARLY nine months ago, knowledge came that W. E. Henley had in preparation a book of art criticism and only now is the promise fulfilled. Thus all good things are slow in coming, for, in those nine months, Cyrus Townsend Brady and Opie Read have written as many books, which is no doubt just, for in the natural world the spawn of fish vastly outnumber the birth of human beings, and the natural world and the literary world have their counterparts. The valuable and illuminating papers that go to make up this little volume of criticism have really been fourteen years in making, some of them having been written as early as 1888, but the writer confesses that, while here and there he has added notes, and here and there rewritten, and sought to mend the style, he has not modernized anything. He says: "On the whole, I am well enough pleased to leave the older stuff much as I left it years ago."

Henley's brain is, to my thinking, a Wonder House, for there abide two distinct and opposing forces, and yet they never clash, nor does one ever try to do duty for the other. Sentiment is there in plenty, and it finds rightful expression in the form of exquisite, lyrical verse that is not surpassed among its compeers for beauty of thought and form. But sentiment never enters into his critical essays, where, indeed, it has no business. He rhapsodizes with his heart, and it is glowing and passionate, but he reasons with his head, and his estimates of art and literature are as bare of sentiment as were the writings of Prosper Merimee. And his criticism, sane, sturdy and uncompromising, was helpful and stimulating to many. Stevenson again and yet again tells us of it in his letters. As editor of *The Scots* (afterwards the *National Observer*) he ushered into view many mighty men of valor in the writing

The Mirror

world who, but for his aid, might never have found themselves.

But it is to his "Views and Reviews—Art" that I now wish to call attention. In "A Note on Romanticism," the initial essay, he makes noticeable the wonderful productivity of that half-century—1775-1825—when romanticism had its birth. After tracing its origin he thus dilates upon the master forces. "The master forces of the Romantic revival in England, and, after England, the most of Europe, were Scott and Byron. They were the vulgarizers (as it were) of its most human and popular tendencies; and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of the part they bore in its evolution. In their faults and in their virtues, each was representative of one or other of the two main tendencies of his time. With his passion for what is honorably immortal in the past, his immense and vivid instinct of the picturesque, his inexhaustible humanity, his magnificent moral health, his abounding and infallible sense of the eternal realities of life, Scott was an incarnation of chivalrous and manly duty; while Byron, with his lofty yet engaging cynicism, his passionate regard for passion, his abnormal capacity for defiance, and that overbearing and triumphant individuality which made him one of the greatest elemental forces ever felt in literature—Byron was the lovely and tremendous and transcending genius of revolt. Each in his way became an European influence, and between them they made Romanticism in France."

A comparison of his estimates of Constable and Turner is not uninteresting, though his views of the latter will hardly be flattering to those who share Ruskin's opinion. Of Constable he says: "He had looked long at truth with no man's eyes but his own: and having caught her in the act, he had recorded his experience in terms so personal in their masculine directness and sincerity as to make his leading irresistible. Never till his time had so much pure nature been set forth in art. He showed that the sun shines, that water wets, that clouds are living, moving citizens of space, that grass is not brown mud, that air and light are everywhere, that the trunks of trees are not disembodied appearances, but objects with solidity and surface in their aerial environment. He proved beyond dispute, that the tonality of a landscape is none the worse for corresponding with something actually felt as existing in the subject, and that the colors of things are not less representative than their textures and forms," and of Turner: "Turner has been so magnificently over-praised, that, as was inevitable, he is just now—he will be for some time to come—the breaking-point of a great wave of reaction. Till that wave has exhausted its energy the very truth is only to be caught in splashes."

Thus it is certain, as Mr. Monkhouse has shown, that Turner's life was lived in a series of duels of paint with other men: that in water-colors he studied, assimilated, and improved upon the practice of the best of his time; that in oils he set himself to understand, repeat and do better than the best of De Loutherbourg, Wilson, Van de Velde, Titian, the Poussins, Claude, to name but these. But it is by no means certain that, as Mr. Monkhouse would have us believe, he succeeded. It is nothing if not doubtful that his color-sense was ever anything but crude, antic and a little coarse. But his ingenuity was enormous; his interest in facts is scarce to be described; his dexterity—in water-colors anyhow—has yet to be surpassed; his treatment of nature—with its extraordinary and bewildering combination of an artistic yet arbitrary regard for ideals of composition and an inartistic and

slavish regard for superfluous detail—was personal, to say the least; he drew with uncommon neatness and precision, he was curious in styles, he touched upon a thousand hints of mystery and beauty and romance. . . . However correct it be to advance that he was the source of a vast amount of art-criticism, it is uncritical to affirm that he founded a school in painting, or that his influence upon his successors has been comparable in any sense to that which is still being exercised by Constable and by Crome."

Some may object to the dogmatic positiveness of Henley's dicta. They have not the insolent, but entertaining, effrontery of a Max Beerbohm, or the riotous self-glorification of a Bernard Shaw, but they spring from a mind well stored with knowledge of paint and painters, a perception keen and so trained as to allow nothing to escape it. In some quarters, too, he is censured for his brusqueness of manner, but, if he is honest, the critic cannot afford to be kindly at the expense of truth. Schopenhauer says, and I think rightly: "Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien, and often injurious, element, because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated."

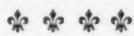
Of Millet's wonderful peasant creations, Henley has this to say in praise: "They are not simply works of art: they are as it were lay-sermons in paint, for they embody ideas which, if not absolutely literary in themselves, are to some extent susceptible of a literary expression. It was Millet's weakness, in fact, that he was not less poet than painter. The French peasant was his hero, the romance of man in nature his material. To his fellow-craftsmen, his work must always present extraordinary interest; for, while his gift was peculiar, and his accomplishments distinguished, there have been few whose study of reality has been more searching and profound, and few the record of whose observations is so pregnant with significance."

The brevity of these several essays might earn for them the opprobrium of scrappiness, but they are meaty for all that, and padding would not better them. The temptation to quote is well nigh irresistible, but the reader of this review will want the book for himself. One more excerpt—this time from the appreciation of a modern and a contemporary—must suffice. Of Rodin he says: "He has suffered like the rest—like Barye, Millet, Corot, Rembrandt, all the men who came with a message at times not ready to give it ear; but like these others he has made his chance, and like these others he has assured himself of victory. His busts alone were enough to place him in the future: the style of them is so complete, the treatment so large and so distinguished, the effect so personal yet so absolute in art. The 'Hugo,' for example, makes you wonder that the 'Contemplations,' and the 'Miserables' are no stronger than they are; and the 'Hugo,' if it be the one on which the master lingered longest, is by no means the most irresistible of the group. And the busts, whatever their number, and whatever their individual and collective worth, are only one entry in the general account. The hand that modeled these austere yet passionate statements of virile force and suffering and endowment, and expressed their sculpturesque quality in such terms of art as recall the achievements of Donatello himself, can on occasion create such shapes of beauty, and such suggestions of elegance and charm as put the Clodians and the Pradiers to the blush, and enable you to realize, in the very instant of comparison and contrast, the difference between the art that is great, whatever its motive and

its inspiration, and the art that only passes for great because it happens to be gracious and popular. And with Rodin, as with Rabbi Ben Ezra, 'the best is yet to be.' His 'Bastien Lepage'—which shows the painter at his easel in his working dress, straining his shaded eyes to focus an effect of light—is an achievement in 'realism' that may change the course of monumental art; his 'Calaisiens'—his miserable burghers taking leave of their fellow townsmen and in act to follow the lead of the heroic Eustache de Saint Pierre—is such a reading of history into sculpture as only comes to a man of genius, and therewith such a suggestion of human emotion as could be achieved by none save a master-craftsman, who is also a great creative artist; while as for the Dante Doors—so abounding in invention, in realization and suggestion, in accomplishment of the rarest type—what is left to say of them? Except that Rodin, like Dante, has 'seen hell,' and, like Dante, has turned the experience into immortal art, there is not much. Here, if you will, are a thousand hints of the possibilities of human passion: from Paola and Francesca melting into each other:

La bocca mi bacio tutto tremanto:

as no man and woman have done in sculpture since sculpture began, to the nameless miscreants, the very dregs of the damned, that crawl and writhe and foison—always in the terms of sculpture!—up and down, and in and out, and here and there and everywhere, in enormous yet distinguishable complexity all over the master's achievement. But here, too, is art: here is sculpture in its essence, sculpture with all its conditions accepted and fulfilled, sculpture as strictly sculptural as the Parthenon Frieze."



A STIMULATING BOOK

BY MAXIME GORKY.

[In the following short sketch, translated for the MIRROR, Maxime Gorky, the latest literary celebrity of Russia, defends himself, in his own characteristic manner, against the accusation that his writings have a depressing and unhealthy influence upon readers.—*Ed. Mirror.*]

MY boyhood is a thing of the past. I am now forty years old, and I know life, the deep furrows in the palms of my hand, and the features of my face equally well. Wife and children depend upon me for their means of subsistence. To make life agreeable to them, I have, for more than twenty years, been forced to bow, to smile and to fawn. And that is by no means a very agreeable task for an honest man. But I am through with all the littleness, the worries, the disgusts and the humiliations which embitter the days of every struggle-for-lifer. I now enjoy a long-needed rest, and try to forget the miseries of the past. Remember this, my dear sir!

While I am at ease, I like to read. To the man of culture, reading is a necessity as well as a feast. I value books, and reading is one of my dearest habits. But I do not belong to that queer class of literary gourmands which devour every book as the starving do a piece of dry bread, and who look for the revelation of a great truth in the scribbling of every fool.

I know perfectly well how to live. I have been taught the great and invaluable lesson.

I select only good books, that is, such as benefit and stimulate me. If the author paints the bright sides of life, and has the knack of making even the vicious and the ugly palatable, if I can relish the sauce without questioning myself about the nature of the roast, I am thoroughly satisfied. People that have lived a laborious life need a book that refreshes and that lulls into for-

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getfulness and peaceful recreation. This is what I had written about. How bad, how ugly, how hopeless they all were!

Queer thoughts start to rise up in my mind. I have lived forty years, forty years, forty years. My stomach does not work so well any more. My wife tells me that-er-I do not love her so ardently as I used to five years ago. My son is an idiot; he brings home abominable notes from school. He is lazy, loafing around the city, and reads silly stuff. What a lot of inanely, vapid books there must be! Schools are torture chambers; they ruin and kill the children. And my wife begins to show wrinkles, and still implores me to love her. My whole career, if looked at from the right standpoint, was simply idiotic, absolutely pitiful, and my life—what's the use of it?

Well, I began to read. The devil! What a surprise! The author uses a perfect, correct and easy-flowing style. And he is likewise absolutely impartial.

Charming, indeed! After finishing one little story, I closed my book and set to thinking. There could be no doubt about it. The story had made me sad; yet it was utterly harmless. It did not contain any harsh, jarring expressions, insinuations and *double-entendres* in reference to the *haute volee*; the life of parvenus. Neither did it make any attempt at holding up types of the proletariat as representing the *summa summarum* of human virtue and perfection. The story was simple and "nice."

Well, I shook off all feelings of depression, and began to read a second one. Excellent! beautiful! The author refers to the bad habit the Chinaman has of resorting to the use of poison whenever one of his "friends" becomes objectionable. This is not so pleasant to read about, but I do not mind it, because the poison is really a treat for a *gourmet*. It is delightfully sweet, and the victim can eat plenty of it with infinite relish, until he suddenly falls to the ground and dies.

I continued to read for hours. Finally, I went to bed, put out the light and tried to sleep. I stretched out at full length; everything was quiet and dark. But my eyelids did not close. I could not stop thinking of all the gloomy figures which the author of the stories live."

The damned book now comes closer to me. Its leaves embrace and press me, and continue to whisper:

"There are tens of thousands like you in this world. And you all sit like cockroaches in their crevices around kitchen sinks, glad to be alive and in a warm hole."

I listen intently. Cold fingers seem to be groping around in the recesses of my heart. I feel miserable and sick. Life has never been friendly to me. I have always looked upon it as a duty grown into a habit. And there stands this bore of a book, and takes pleasure in intensifying my bitterness of spirit. It starts again:

"Men suffer, hope and strive for something, and you have been an official, an employe. For what? Did you take any pleasure in your servant-life? Or was it useful to anybody?"

The heroes of the book stare at me from the pages, and ask:

"What did you live for?" I tried to answer that it was none of their concern what I lived for, but was unable to utter a word. There was a wild rushing in my ears. It seemed to me as though the waves of life's ocean were rocking and lifting up my bed, and carrying it far, far away. Memories of the past created something in me that was akin to seasickness. I assure you I never had a worse, or more restless night.

Now, let me ask you, why should such stimulating books be written and read? It seems to me that they ought to be prohibited, destroyed. Man needs joy, hopefulness, rest.

"Well, what happened afterwards?"

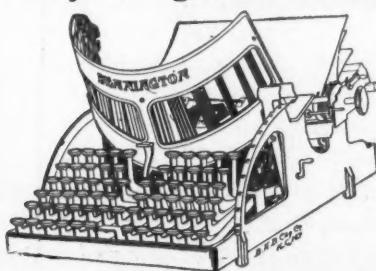
Something that was very simple. When I rose from my bed in the morning, worn-out, wretched and growling, I took the silly volume, went to my book-binder, and had him give it a strong and solid binding. And now it stands upon the lowest shelf, and, whenever I am in very good humor, I give it a kick with my foot and ask?

"Well, what did you accomplish? Hein?"

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The Mirror

JEFF. CITY BOODLING.

Since the opening of the second chapter in the boodling investigation of St. Louis, not a few have expressed the belief that there will be less boodling at Jefferson City next winter when the Legislature meets. Perhaps so. But it is well enough to remember that boodling in Jefferson City and boodling in St. Louis are conducted on entirely different lines.

In St. Louis the boodlers discover something that the corporations are willing to pay for and sell the same for whatever they can get for it. At Jefferson City the corporations are forced to pay to be let alone. This is the rule at the State Capital, and within the last twenty years there have been but three exceptions to it, to-wit: The enactment of the Special Jury law, for which little was paid; the passage of the Street Railway Consolidation bill, for which it is currently reported \$250,000 were expended, and the baking powder law.

An old-time Legislative lobbyist was asked, some time ago, if he ever had been up against the boodlers in the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis?

"Don't talk to me about those wolves," he replied. "They are the worst lot of hogs I ever struck. Do you know, I can buy a whole committee in Jefferson City cheaper than I can get one vote in the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis."

This statement may not appear to harmonize with the belief that the Legislature was paid \$250,000 for passing the Street Railway Consolidation bill, but it should be remembered that even if this large sum was expended at Jefferson City, only a part, and a small part at that, went to the members of the Legislature. There were higher priced men than any member of the Legislature working for that law.

Persons who feel that Missouri and the city of St. Louis would be infinitely better off if every corrupt official was in the penitentiary would do well enough to remember that there is quite a distinction between the State Legislative and the Municipal boodler. True, both have the same object in view, but all persons do not travel the same road to reach a great city.

It is a rule at the State Capital that the corporations pay little or nothing for legislation. Perhaps they have all the favorable laws they want already on the statutes. More likely, however, they are afraid to open this field lest they should fly to worse evils than exist. But be this as it may, it is no secret that they do come down with the boodle, every time the Legislature meets, to be let alone. Men of experience have estimated that every regular session of the Legislature costs the railroads of the State in the neighborhood of \$100,000 for the privilege of being let alone. And this estimate does not take into account the cost to the companies of furnishing free transportation. It is at least fifteen years since the steam railroads of the State asked for any legislation worth mention.

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ing. And yet all this time they have been forced to keep an expensive lobby at Jefferson City when the Legislature is in session to see to it that they are let alone.

In the first place, the average boodler at Jefferson City is a sand-bagger. He attacks certain interests with threatened legislation and usually succeeds in extorting money from them to drop his sandbagging bills. He will sell his vote much cheaper than the municipal boodler, but he will devise a dozen ways of extorting money while the municipal boodler is dickering for a large sum. Law-making boodlers at Jefferson City have frequently been referred to as "petit larceny thieves," in comparison with the more opulent metropolitan boodlers, because they go after such small game, but this doesn't take into consideration that a good many small birds will fill a game bag quite as full as one large one.

Regarding the hope that boodling will become less prevalent at Jefferson City in view of the boodle prosecutions in this city, there seems small chance of realization. In the first place, the Legislative boodler, knows that he is practically immune from prosecution for his misdeeds at Jefferson City. No boodler was ever seriously prosecuted there. Although boodling has been going on at the State Capital for the last thirty-five years but two indictments were ever returned and both were afterwards dismissed. For all practical ends, boodling is safe at Jefferson City and the field is a large one, presenting many different avenues of extorting money—avenues which are not open to the Municipal boodler and never can be under the present Constitution.

A little legislative reminiscence will show that the field of boodling at Jefferson City has been widening rapidly of late years and the market quotations for boodling have been growing more and more bullish. Time was when the brewers could stave off the sand-baggers with a few dozen cases of bottled beer and some trifling presents. But in 1897, they were milked for \$10,000, and in 1899, when they decided that they would not be milked any more, a special tax law was enacted which has since cost them a good many hundred thousand dollars. Two years later, the distillers were treated the same way. Undoubtedly it would have been much cheaper for these interests to have tamely submitted to legislative blackmail, but they chose otherwise and have been punished according to their sins, as the boodlers put it.

On one or two occasions corporations have secured the enactment of laws designed especially for their benefit, as in the case of the Transit Company and the baking powder trust, but these are the exceptions and not the rule at Jefferson City. Rural boodlers, in particular, are afraid to vote a favor to a corporation, because it is on record that Missouri agriculturists have lynched officials for straying too far from the fold. But it is an easy matter for them to introduce bills cutting down railroad freight rates, cine, candy, on large mercantile establishments, telegraph tolls, express lishments and many other interests, some



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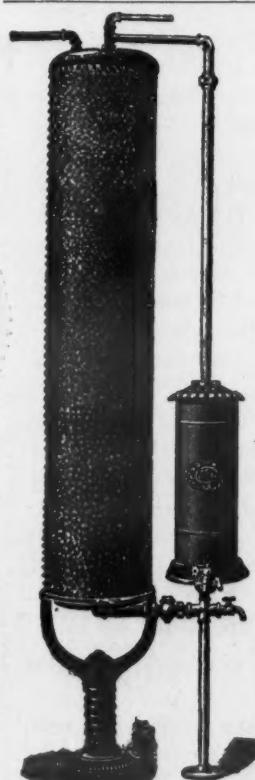
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of which will submit to blackmail to escape ruinous legislation. The boodler behind such shake-down measures can have them killed in a committee and then go home

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 THE INDIAN TERRITORY

The passage of the Cherokee Treaty on August 7th calls direct attention to one of the most fertile sections of the United States. Prosperity in the Southwest is an assured fact, and the development of the Indian Territory and the consequent expansion in trade and wealth is but a question of time. In a few years this section, so long neglected, will be as well threaded with railways as is Iowa or Minnesota. Its fitness for close settlement, comparative certainty of rainfall, and natural resources make it an attractive goal for Western lines. The marvelous fertility of the soil is shown in the fact that the Government cotton report for 1901 gives the average lint production of the Territory per acre at 214 pounds, exceeded only by that of Louisiana, 260 pounds, and far in excess of the world's average, 169 pounds. The cotton industry alone is of much importance in the Territory's future.

White settlers are pouring into the Territory, unwilling to wait for the formal opening of the farm lands. They are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the platting of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The coal mines are being developed rapidly, and other mineral riches will soon be brought to the surface. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

The Mirror

to his rural constituents on a railroad pass for himself and all the relatives he had quartered on the State during the session of the Legislature and explain that the wicked lobby killed his bills. If he is shrewd and plays his cards well, his story is usually believed and he comes back again with his appetite greatly whetted for more boodle.

A little acquaintance with legislative methods at Jefferson City will invariably cause a fair-minded person to sympathize with the lobby. It is harassed, bedeviled, coaxed, threatened and sandbagged from the time a session convenes until it adjourns. The lobby at Jefferson City does not hunt victims to corrupt. On the contrary, the victims hunt the lobby and seek to be corrupted. The victims go after the lobby with a club if they think it has money. When there is no bribe money in sight, the victims then do the next best thing—they borrow all the money they can from the lobbyists and never repay one cent of it.

This is not the orthodox method of referring to the Jefferson City lobby, but it is the truth nevertheless.

The rural bribe-taker and sand-bagger is not so bold as the municipal boodler. He does not wear big diamonds and lounge around saloons talking loud. He may get drunk occasionally, but he is quiet about it. No one ever hears him talk about boodle. When the subject is mentioned to him he professes to believe that all the members of the Legislature are honest, and regrets that the newspapers persist in publishing rumors calculated to hurt the good name of men who are sincerely trying to represent public interests. Never, under any circumstances, will he exhibit a large roll of bills. Usually he must dig in his pockets a painful length of time to produce a five dollar bill and he lays it down on a saloon counter with all the outward look of a man parting with his last cent. In brief, he avoids every appearance of being a boodler and is a past grand master in the art of hypocrisy.

It may be depended upon that the boodlers will be at Jefferson City next January, and they will ply their vocation with as much vigor and success as if no one had been indicted for boodling in St. Louis. They feel they are safe at Jefferson City, and in this conclusion they are probably right.



We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

❖ ❖ ❖
BETTER STILL

"Jack calls me his queen," said the girl in blue, proudly.

"Is that all?" returned the girl in pink, pityingly. "Why, Harry calls me his ace." —From the Chicago Post.



When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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The Unseen Land—greatest sacred song published. * The Star of the East.
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Popular Successes Hello Central Give me Heaven * Aint dat a Shame. * Ben Hur Waltz *
Pickaninnies Christening—Greatest Two-step written.
Absence Makes Heart Grow Fonder. * Always. * Because. * After All.
Roses and Thorns—Lorraine's best waltzes.
Creole Belles song or two-step. * The Fatal Rose of Red. * Down One Flight.
New Moway Hay—new intermezzo, daintiest yet.
Frocks and Frills—a catchy two-step—A New York hit.
In a Cozy Corner. * Stay in Your Own Back Yard. * Mosquito's Parade.
Manola—sweetest song in years.
For Old Times' Sake. * My Old New Hampshire Home. * Song That Reached My Heart.
Padishah—Lorraine's Persian March—better than Salome.
Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom * The Tie That Binds. * Pretty Mollie Shannou.
My Whip-poor-will. * My Lady Hottentot. * I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise.
All of Kerry Mills' Marches. * All of E. T. Paull's Marches. * Asleep in the Deep.
Hot Potato—a "warm one" in the two-step line. * The North Star, Reverie.
Tale of a Kangaroo's song or two-step. * Zenda Waltzes.
April Smiles Waltzes—the sensation of Paris—great.
Blaze Away two-step * Smoky Mokes March. * Hunky Dory.
Birth of Love Waltz—Newest New York Craze.
The Shadows of the Pines. * Bashful Betsy Brown. * Wait.
Foxy Grandpa two-step—as great as the play.
Go Way back and Sit Down. * My Sambo. * When I Think of You.
I Cannot Love You More—a beautiful ballad.
When You Were Sweet Sixteen. * Violets by Roma. * Way Down Yonder in Cornfield.
She Rests by the Suwanee River. * Side by Side. * Good-by Dolly Gray.
Polly Pry—a dainty up-to-date song.
Sunbeams and Shadows—intermezzo. * Jenny Lee. * Hearts and Flowers.
If You Love Your Baby Make Goo-goo Eyes—great comic song.
Tickled to Death. * Bird in a Gilded Cage. * My Rosary.
The One That Loved You Then Loves You More—ballad.
When the Harvest Days are Over. * On a Sunday Afternoon. * On a Saturday Night.
Following SPECIAL OFFER does NOT include above Music.

Ping Pong Free. Send us your name and address; we will send you fifteen pieces regular fifty cent sheet music. Sell the music at ten cents per copy, return us the \$1.50 realized, and we will send you a complete set of GENUINE PARKER BROS. Ping Pong, worth \$1.50. Free. No money required. Send 5 cents for largest Catalogue of music bargains published.

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BOOKS { All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at - - - } ROEDER'S BOOK STORE
616 LOCUST STREET.

SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Helen Rathou has returned from her summer trip East.

Mrs. Robert Lucien Carr is entertaining Mrs. Ben Soley, of Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carrie have just returned from Canada, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Allen, have come to St. Louis to reside until after the World's Fair.

Miss Ju'ia Laughlin, who has spent the summer at Atlantic City, returned a few days ago.

Miss Millicent M'Donald is entertaining her sister, Miss Anna M'Donald of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Boyle, have returned, after spending the summer traveling in Europe.

Mrs. Rhodes H. Cox is again at her Maryland avenue home, after summering at Asbury Park, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Montague are entertaining Mrs. Baldwin, of Dallas, Tex., for a short time.

Mrs. Jack Bentley, of New York, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. Murphy, of Newstead avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Western Bascome, who spent the summer at Old Point Comfort, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little, who have been touring Europe, will return to St. Louis in a short time.

Miss Boyce, who has been traveling in Canada during the past few months, returned to the city last week.

Mrs. Walter Orthwein arrived here last week from Green Lake, Wisconsin, where she spent the summer.

Miss Stella Culver, of Cabanne, returned, a short time ago, from California, where she spent the summer.

Mrs. Peter O'Neill and her daughter, Miss Edith O'Neill, have returned after spending the summer in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan C. Nugent have closed their cottage at Bar Harbor and returned to their home on Westminster place.

Mrs. Lee Merriwether has gone to New York City, where she is visiting her mother. She will remain until after Christmas.

Miss Mary Allen and Mr. William E. Candy have just announced their engagement, the wedding will take place this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bagnell with their children, will return soon from Europe, where they have been since early spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Homer and their son, Mr. R. M. Homer, returned last week from Europe, where they spent the summer in travel.

Mrs. Prentiss Dana Cheney, has gone to New York City, where she is being entertained by Mrs. Annie Brisbine Kerr, formerly of St. Louis.

Mrs. Will Cockrell, formerly of Jerseyville, Ill., has come to St. Louis to reside, and will soon move into her new house at 4612 M'Pherson avenue.

Miss Edna Pilcher, of Cabanne, will be one of the fall brides; her wedding, a fashionable affair. The bride's trousseau is said to be unusually elaborate.

Mrs. A. H. Kay, of Chicago, who will shortly come here to reside, is at present visiting her mother, Mrs. Celeste Pim, who has just settled in her new home on Washington boulevard.

Miss Florence Harrison, who has been summering at the Eastern seaside resorts, returned, a short time ago, and is with her father. They will soon move into their new home which is being built for them in the West End.

Mrs. Robert Atkinson and her son, Mr. Lewis Atkinson, have gone to Colorado Springs, where they have taken a furnished house and gone to housekeeping for some time, as they do not expect to return to St. Louis before next spring.

The marriage of Miss Mary Kennard, of Portland place, and Mr. Harry Wallace, has been set for October 29th. The ceremony will be performed at St. John's Methodist Church. It will be one of the largest and most fashionable weddings of the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Carroll, who spent the summer at the Northern lakes, and have lately been visiting their old home at Unionville, Mo., returned the latter part of last week, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Frances Carroll.

Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant, accompanied by her son, Mr. John Worthington Valliant, returned last week, from the Springs of Virginia.

A luncheon was given last week at the Field Club by Mrs. H. D. Wilson, in honor of Mrs. Russell Harding of the Southern Hotel, and Mrs. A. N. Dale. The guests were Mesdames, Russell Harding A. N. Dale, H. C. Townsend, James Williamson Byrnes, George Von Schrader

R. A. Bremond of Austin, Texas, Eugene Abadie, Charles E. Ware, Franklin Armstrong, Bissell Ware, George Miltenberger and H. B. Payne.



St. Louis' gala days are fast approaching. The Veiled Prophet is about to make his twenty-sixth annual visit, and revelry of many kinds will be in order. To prepare for these events wardrobes must be examined and special toilettes prepared. One item of the greatest importance to look to is the matter of shoes. Shoes for the ball, shoes for the street, shoes for evening functions. All these can be procured at Swope's where everything in the shoe line may be purchased that is best and most appropriate; in fact, the very best. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.



THE NEW ST. JAMES.

They talk about new hotels, new streets, new boulevards, and what not, in St. Louis, and you are wondering what is going on or coming. Yet, have you ever taken a good look at the New St. James Hotel? If not, you have no proper conception of what the genial Mr. Pat Short has accomplished with an outlay of \$50,000. The old, well-known hostelry has been completely renovated and re-created, Mr. Short has shunned no expenditures in making it strictly up-to-date in every respect. The New St. James Hotel is provided with all modern conveniences; it contains and furnishes everything that fastidious guests may desire or be accustomed to. The cuisine is ideal. The service is first-class and all that could be desired. The interior and furnishings appeal to the eye of both the practical and the aesthetic. As is well known, Mr. Short does nothing imperfectly, and this characteristic of his is amply evidenced in what he has accomplished at Broadway and Walnut street. The New St. James is conducted on both the American and European plan. It is proving highly popular. Gourmets are enthusiastic when discussing the excellencies of the midday dinners it serves at the moderate price of fifty cents. However, the pen cannot convey an adequate conception of the new St. James Hotel, its attractions, its comforts and its elegant cuisine. A personal visit is the only thing that will teach and convince.



Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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PATEK-PHILIPPE WATCHES

We are sole agents for the celebrated Patek-Philippe Watches of world-wide reputation, noted for their accuracy and durability. We carry a complete line of these watches for ladies and gentlemen, comprising five minute and minute repeaters, split seconds and chronographs.

The illustration shows a 14K. Solid Gold, Open-Face Watch with plain polished case, containing Patek-Philippe Sweep Second Movement. A splendid watch for physicians.

Price, \$175.00

MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

On BROADWAY, COR. LOCUST STREET.

Scalp Treatment, Manicuring and Shampooing, with or without Scalp Treatment. 304 Century Building.

INCOMPETENT—"She doesn't know how to manage, does she?" "No. For years she has lived beyond her alimony." —Judge.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney



We will be glad to have you come in and see the pretty suits and overcoats that we are showing for the little boys.

Decidedly exclusive designs in velvets, moires, corduroys and cloths.

The Jack Tar reefer illustrated is in all wool blue cheviot with silk embroidered emblems and real military buttons; for boys of three to eight years.

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Boys' Section Third Floor, Olive Street Side.

100 New Rooms.

Fronting Forest Park **The Monticello.** At Kingshighway and West Pine Bl'd.

Engage family suites in new house with decorations to suit.

L. C. IRVINE, Proprietor.

ROBT. JAMES (late of Country Club), Manager.

THEATRICALS

Kellar is at his old tricks again. Century audiences are enthusiastic over the various new legerdemain ideas which he is introducing to them this week. The Simla seance and the magical burlesque entitled "How to get rid of a Wife" appear to please the most. A few of the tricks are venerable, but continue to fascinate. There is something in human nature that is always susceptible to the performances of the prestidigitateur, no matter how often they are produced. Kellar has the knack of making his programmes interesting. They contain Hindoo and Egyptian devices as well as examples of the mysterious power of the hypnotist. The famous magician never fails to be up-to-date.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

There is something about the music of "The Burgomaster" that fascinates the enthusiastic whistler. It will appear this season in a complete and entirely new dress in every detail, as new costumes, scenery and many novel effects have been added. The opera has been witnessed in this city by numbers of pleased auditors and should prove a strong drawing card. The same "all star" cast of favorites will be seen in their respective roles.

The Usona Dramatic Club, which gave several performances last season, will make its initial appearance this season on Thursday night, September 25, at Northwestern Hall, corner Elliot and St. Louis avenues. The play to be presented is, "A Backwoods Politician," a decidedly amusing and interesting comedy from the pen of Frederick Walton. The dialogue is smart, the situations amusing, and, taken altogether, the play is one of the most successful laughter-provoking comedies yet produced. Arthur Lewis, well known in St. Louis theatrical circles, will appear in the title role, *Col. Smythe*. Mr. Walton will assume the role of *Edwin*, while Arthur Peterson, whose good work with the Sketch and Usona Clubs last season was so favorably commented upon, will personate *Richard*, a dashing young student just returned from a four years' course at Harvard. Others in the cast are: Wm. A. Estep, F. W. Runge,

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Pieces for each room.
Very large assortment
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Weathered Oak, \$14.00

Eugene W. Bube, Henry Koehler, Adele Estep, Jessie K. Hopper, Annie O'Connor and Helen Robbins.

"The Storks," a musical fantasy announced for one week at the Olympic Theater commencing Sunday night, September 23, on which occasion will be seen the original production and company entire, which claims to comprise one of the most youthful, graceful and beautiful choral arrays seen in the West for some time. As the scene of "The Storks" is in fictitious territory, the scenic artists and the costumer have been free to treat their subjects with fancy and with a view to decorative effect. The company numbers seventy-five players, and is said to be one of unusual distinction. It comprises Richard Carle; May de Sousa, Gilbert Gregory, Harriet Standon, Frank Rushworth, Josie Intropidi, Wm. Wolff, Ethel Johnson, Wm. Rock, Myra Davis, Geo. Romain, Eula Jensen, Abbott Adams, Rose Leslie, Frank Randall, Bessie Von Nye, and numerous other well-known performers.

Good audiences are attesting, this week at the Standard, their appreciation of Watson's American Burlesques. The combination is a good one, W. B. Watson and Jeannette Du Pre being central figures. Their "Japanese Honeymoon" is a very pretty sketch, highly diverting



EYE GLASSES

Fitted at Erker's have a certain chic about them which cannot be found elsewhere. The Skillful Fitting is the cause of it. We, of course, have everything that is new and desirable in Eyeglass Attachments, such as the Lasso, Anatomical, Aerated, Anchor, Finch, Sure-On, Etc., and if we cannot fit a nose it is a hopeless case indeed. Our charges are very reasonable.

TESTING FREE.

ERKER, 608 Olive St.

A Beautiful Souvenir for our Lady Customers.

THE LOCUST-EATER.

And it came to pass that locust pie became a great dish in back counties.

"But," said the man who had ordered a pie in a hotel, "these locusts are not tender. Are you sure they are young?"

"Oh, yes sir," replied the waiter, "we guarantee none of them to be over 17 years old." —From the Chicago News.

and affording ample scope for fine scenic setting and amusing situations. Of course, there is, besides, lots of singing and dancing. Next week "Topsy-Turvy" will be the attraction.

The carnival at Lemp's Park will open next Sunday afternoon, and will continue until October 12. The gentleman identified with the Mound City Amusement Company, under whose auspices this fete will be given, have worked arduously for the past two months to make this carnival a huge success. It should be well attended. There will be plenty of fun.

We claim that our Diamond Stock is unequalled in quality and invite critical examination and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

His OBJECT—Citiman: "I see you raise your own vegetables." Suburbanite: "No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.—Life.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co's office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.

Bill: "Bryanism is the cloud which hovers over the Democratic camp." Jill: "Yes; and the trouble is it has a silver lining." —Yonkers Statesman.

LIVE HIGH WHILE FLYING
SOUTH

That is exactly what you can do if you travel via the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. The luxurious dining car service recently inaugurated in through trains, between St. Louis and New Orleans and Mobile, combined with its superior Pullman service, make it the most pleasant and comfortable means of travel between the North and the South.

A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two letter monogram, except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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Our winter and autumn weight underwear lines are the products of the best French, German, English and Domestic makers, it is the most comprehensive showing of good qualities in St. Louis.

You'll find just the kind you've been wanting in any weight and in all fabrics and sizes to fit any figure—in wool, silk and wool, cashmere, sea island cotton, merino, balbriggan, silks and linens in stouts or regulars and union suits—here are some of the makers: Lewis, Sterling, American Hosiery Co., Norfolk and New Brunswick Co., Conrade & Friedmann's, Dr. Deimel's, Ramie Health Co., Hohenzollern, Hardeford and Peter Wright's.

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The Republic Building,
On Olive Street at Seventh.

The Mirror

15

TO THE SUNNY SOUTH

Railroad service between St. Louis and New Orleans and Mobile has been reduced to a fine art. In the last few months vast improvements have been made. The Mobile & Ohio, true to its reputation of being at all times in the front rank of progressive railroads, has established a highly efficient and luxurious service from St. Louis to the South. It may be said to have eclipsed all its previous records, and to have done something that will make it more popular than ever with the traveling public. The management of the Mobile & Ohio never allows itself to be behind the times, or to be out-distanced by its rivals. The ever-increasing traffic over its lines to the South gives ample demonstration of the fact that its efforts to please the public are duly appreciated and enjoyed. At the present time, the Mobile & Ohio officials are enthusiastically complimented upon the inauguration of their new dining car service. The papers of St. Louis and New Orleans and Mobile have, during the last few weeks, contained flattering testimonials of this new service, and made the public understand that the latest enterprise of the M. & O. marks a new epoch in the railroad transportation world of the South.

The new dining cars are, undoubtedly, and without exception, the finest ever turned out. They were built especially for the Mobile & Ohio. They are of highly attractive and rich design. Every detail is in accord with the most modern ideas of the art of passenger car construction. The wood finishings of the interior are of highly-polished quartered oak, and the ceilings and panels are of a delicate shade of pale green, on which are traced artistic figures. The curtains and other draperies are of the same shade of green, and present a very rich and artistic appearance.

Each car contains ten tables, five on each side. On one side four persons can be seated to a table, and on the other two. The cars are lighted by electricity, and provided with electric fans. The lighting and fan fixtures are of polished brass.



In the ceilings of the cars are clusters of electric lights, while others stud the arches of the roofs.

The cars are manned by a chef, his assistant, a conductor and three waiters. A pleasing, novel feature of the service, and one which is probably the most appreciated, and which gives it an air of

aristocratic, luxurious elegance, is the handsome, dainty, imported cut-glass, china and linens. The service is *a la carte*. The cuisine is unsurpassable and equal to the best to be found on the lines of any railroad in the United States.

The menu-card, specially designed for the Mobile & Ohio, is of simple, chaste and handsome appearance. The frontispiece is a pastoral scene of idyllic charm. It presents a sweet, enticing bit of femininity walking along a country-lane, with spring-blossoms gathered in the dress. The back of the menu-card presents a miniature representation of the Union Station in St. Louis, and an epitomized map of the Mobile & Ohio lines between St. Louis and the Gulf. The menu itself would do honor to Sherry's. It contains everything that the most fastidious gourmet

The new dining cars are veritable palaces on wheels. They afford the height of comfort. They are the triumph of modern American passenger service.

and thereby converting the trip into a luxurious pastime, which one enjoys, rather than endures. It is fair to predict that the Mobile & Ohio will be the



It is rather difficult to convey an accurate idea of their splendor in these columns. They must be seen; one must have



is accustomed to. Prices, however, are reasonable and moderate. The menu caters to the rich as well as the people of limited means. A feature of the dining-service is that Citronelle Springs water is used exclusively. The wine-list is ideal, and that means a good deal.

A striking innovation of this new Mobile & Ohio service is the uniforms worn by the conductors. They are attired in silk-faced, brown, broadcloth Tuxedos, with trousers to match and high-cut vests of white, corded pique, with gilt buttons. The men present a really natty, strikingly unique appearance. The color, and the absence of all insignia, to say nothing of the evident expensiveness of the material and workmanship, constitute a marked departure from time-honored railroad uniform precedents.

It will thus be seen that nothing has been neglected in the efforts of the able management of the Mobile & Ohio to afford its patrons the best and most convenient service that art, skill and money can procure. The cost of establishing this luxurious service has been considerable, but the officials declare that they consider it a good investment, and that they find ample compensation in the public's sincere appreciation of their efforts.

banner route to the South this Fall and Winter, and that it will contribute towards a material growth in tourist travel to points along the Gulf. The new service provides through sleeping cars. Travelers who have had the pleasure of making a trip on the Mobile & Ohio in the past few weeks are unanimous in declaring that the new dining car service is just what had been needed all along, and that one cannot say too much in praise of it.

Present indications are that there will be a great stream of travel, within the next few months, to the "Sunny South." Seekers for health and a home, lovers of the charms and pleasures of travel, are now more than ever impressed with the idea that the South has been neglected too long. Along the Gulf Coast, there are many famous health-resorts, which are, in many respects, the equal of anything that could be found in the Mediterranean Riviera, and where physical and mental regeneration may be had at moderate cost. And then there are Cuba and the West Indies, which may be regarded as a paradise for winter tourists, and the attractions of which are only now beginning to be adequately realized. The Mobile & Ohio has established superior facilities for reaching the West Indies. It is now the route *par excellence* to Havana and Porto Rico. Its West Indian service, established upon its present scale sometime ago, is strictly first-class, combining speed with the utmost of comfort for tourists.



SIX HIGH-CLASS RACES AT THE Delmar Race Track, EACH DAY, COMMENCING AT 2:30 P. M. ADMISSION, INCLUDING GRAND STAND, \$1.00. DELMAR JOCKEY CLUB.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
**THE GREAT
KELLAR**
Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.
Regular Matinees,
Wed. and Sat.
Next Sunday Night
**The
Burgomaster.**
There is not a more
successful opera on the
stage to-day than this
musical hit.
Reserved seats Thurs.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
AMELIA BINGHAM
in her new play
**A Modern
MAGDALEN.**
Regular Matinees,
Wed. and Sat.
NEXT SUNDAY,
THE STORKS.
Richard Carle and 74
Other "Birds."
A Musical Fantasy.
Reserved seats Thurs.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,
**W. B. WATSON'S
American Burlesquers.**

NEXT WEEK,

**TOPSY-TURVEY.
Lemp's Park Carnival**

Opens next Sunday Afternoon
and Continues until Oct. 12th.

**A Gigantic Array of New and
Interesting Novelties.**

Eight Free Shows—Sixteen Paid Acts.
All under the direction of the Gaskill-Mundi Carnival Co.

Entire Carnival under the management of the
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GENERAL ADMISSION, 10 CENTS.

NEW BOOKS AT CUT PRICES.
The Wooing of Wistaria, Onoto Watanna;
The Climax, Chas. F. Pidgin; The Pharaoh and
the Priest, Alexander Golvatski, translated by
Jeremiah Curtin; The Queen of Quelparte,
Archer B. Hulbert; Stronger Than Love, Mrs.
Alexander; The Banner of Blue, S. R. Crockett;
The Ragged Edge, John T. McIntyre; Indian
Boyhood, Chas. A. Eastman; The Hole in the
Wall, Arthur Morrison. Also a full line of paper
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BEAVER LINE.**ROYAL MAIL
PASSENGER STEAMERS**

Between Montreal and Liverpool and
All European Points.

Lowest Rates and Best Service
on all classes.

Regular Weekly Sailings.

MAX SCHUBACH,
General Southwestern Agent,
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



WM KRANKE

513 BROAD ST.

LOAN OFFICE.

WABASH

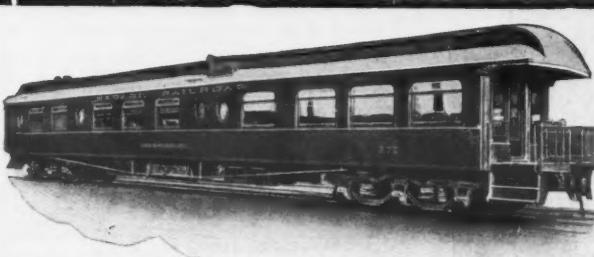
LINE

THE Banner Route TO ALL IMPORTANT CITIES.

It has its own rails between **ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO, OMAHA, DES MOINES, TOLEDO,
DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS and BUFFALO,**

All through car lines to **DENVER, NEW YORK and BOSTON.**

LUXURIOUS PARLOR, SLEEPING, DINING, OBSERVATION-
CAFE AND CHAIR CARS COMPOSE ITS TRAINS.



The
VEILED PROPHET
 WILL APPEAR

MANDATE

BE IT KNOWN, to all the people of the world that again, for the Twenty-Sixth time, his Mystic Majesty, the **VEILED PROPHET**, on Tuesday, the Seventh day of October, in the Year Nineteen Hundred and Two, will visit his most beloved City of St. Louis, and upon the streets of this favored Municipality present for the delight of its citizens, and the visitors within its borders, a street pageant of most surpassing beauty and artistic merit; and in the great hall of the Chamber of Commerce will hold his Court of mirth and pleasure, and choose from the ranks of his lovely Maids of Honor, his Queen of Love and Beauty to rule in his stead over the World's Fair City until his coming again.

THE THEREFORE, let all the citizens of St. Louis make proper preparations to receive in oriental fashion the Prophet of Khorassan and his followers; let your city be made the City Beautiful, and from the hour of his arrival to the hour of his departure let sadness be banished, and mirth and joy be the universal portion. All petitions should be addressed P. O. Box 1903.

Given under his hand and seal this Nine Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Year of his reign.

Attest:

[Signature]
 Royal Secretary.

**IN HIS
BELOVED
CITY
of ST. LOUIS, OCT. 7TH 1902.**

BUXTON & SKINNER

The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET.

Notwithstanding disturbances in the money market and abnormally low reserves, the New York stock market presented a fairly firm and stubborn appearance in the past week. Reports of engagements of gold, amounting in all to about \$8,000,000, lent some encouragement to the bull forces and engendered the impression that interest rates would soon be upon a normal basis again. The Secretary of the Treasury mailed checks amounting to a little over \$2,000,000, in anticipation of the October interest on government bonds, and National bank note circulation experienced another moderate enlargement, but, at no time, was there any abundance of funds in Wall street, or any indication of a return to easier conditions within the next two or three weeks. The bulls are evidently too hopeful. They forget that the reserves of interior banks are low; that business is extremely active; that crops are record breaking and liabilities heavy.

There is no reason to expect any decided lowering of interest rates before the end of November. Prospects of large gold imports are not very bright, on account of the steady increase in imports and the still disappointing figures of our export trade. There was a slight increase in shipments last week, but the outward movement of corn is still upon an infinitesimal scale, and nothing at all compared with what it was two or three years ago. The financial institutions of Europe are evidently unwilling to accommodate us with large amounts of gold. The Bank of England and the Bank of France have an abundant supply of the yellow metal on hand at the present time, but, for some reason or other, they are clinging to it in a most tenacious manner, and, undoubtedly, are anxious to keep themselves prepared for any emergencies that may arise. The Bank of France has been accumulating gold steadily for over two years, and it is generally believed that this was done as a precautionary measure, and in anticipation of large and increasing demands from the government of the Republic, and also of Russia. The financial position of France

is not very encouraging; it is deteriorating from year to year. Deficits are becoming chronic and M. Rouvier's conversion scheme will not mend matters to any appreciable extent. In view of all this, Wall street bulls should not place too much reliance upon our ability to draw gold from Europe. Owing to the rise in New York money rates, sterling exchange at Berlin and Paris is once more on the down grade, and indicating that the banks on the Continent are tightening their purse strings.

The reserves of the New York Associated banks are once more below the legal limit of 25 per cent. In other words, there is a deficit, the first one since the autumn of 1899. Most of the banks had been below the legal limit for sometime. In view of the deficit, it would be foolish to look for any marked bull activity in the near future. The banks, under the provisions of the law, will have to strengthen themselves and to increase their reserves again. It is known that their actual condition is worse than the bank statements would make us believe. But for trust company assistance, there would have been a deficit weeks ago. The contraction in loans is more artificial than legitimate. New York bank statements have become so complicated and metaphysical that the average outsider can no longer form any intelligent conception of the true state of affairs. It would seem to the wayfaring man as though the laws might be in need of a little amendment or change, and as if they could, or should, be made more effective in regulating banking operations and protecting depositors. If there is really any conservatism in the way New York banking institutions are now managed, it would be hard to detect it with a microscope.

The New Jersey court of chancery has handed down an opinion holding that the United States Steel Corporation has the right to convert its preferred stock into 5 per cent bonds. This has, for the time being at least, cleared the path of the majority interest. Whether it will benefit the standing of the securities, however, remains to be seen. There has been a

Burlington
Route

A GREAT
DENVER TRAIN.

It leaves St. Louis at 2:15 P. M. to-day.

It arrives Denver at 3:15 P. M. to-morrow.

A train that allows over half a day in one city and the best part of the next afternoon in another city over 900 miles away meets the most exacting demands of business and tourist travel.

This is a complete through train of chair cars, sleepers and dining cars. It makes immediate connections at Denver for Interior Colorado.

ANOTHER THROUGH DENVER TRAIN AT 9:00 P. M.

For tickets, berths, folders, special Colorado and California publications, apply City Ticket Office
S. W. Corner Broadway and Olive Street.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

H. A. FORMAN, President. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres.
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S.E.COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PAYS 2% INTEREST

ON REGULAR CHECK ACCOUNTS.

(Credited Monthly.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$3,500,000



MISSOURI TRUST BUILDING,
OLIVE AND 7TH STS.

Missouri Trust Company OF ST. LOUIS.

BANKING—

Pays interest 2 per cent on accounts subject to check.

SAVINGS—

Accounts of \$1.00 and upward received; 3 per cent interest paid

TRUSTS—

Acts in all trust capacities, as executor, guardian, administrator, trustee.

SAFE DEPOSIT—

Boxes for rent, \$5.00 per annum.

LAND TITLES—

Examined, certified and guaranteed.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST..

ST. LOUIS.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable

in all parts of the world.

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Guy P. Billon Stock and Bond Broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 103
Park " 6	A O	April 10, 1905	109 - 110
Property (cur) 6	A O	Ap 10, 1906	10 - 11
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	Jun 25, 1907	101 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 101 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 4	A O	Ap 10, 1908	104 - 105 $\frac{1}{4}$
" 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	J D	Dec, 1909	102 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 103
" 4	J J	July 1, 1918	111 - 112
" 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	M S	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" ster. £100 $\frac{1}{4}$	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 108 $\frac{1}{4}$
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 4	M N	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 103
World's Fair 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	A O	Ap 1, 1902	100 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 101
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521.650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.,
Funding 6.

	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 105 $\frac{1}{4}$
" 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 - 104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A O	Ap 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 - 105
" 4-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4-20	J D	July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4-20	J D	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	J J	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	81 - 84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	107 - 109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 - 106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 10-10	1904	99 - 101 $\frac{1}{4}$
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	110 - 112
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 - 109 $\frac{1}{4}$
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s.	1929	116 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 117
Merch. Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s.	1921	115 - 116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	89 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 90
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	96 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 97
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s	1919	102 - 102 $\frac{1}{2}$
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	101 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$*50	Sept. '02, 2 Q	328 - 331
Boatmen S.	100	July '02, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ SA	248 - 250
Fourth National	100	July '02, 8 SA	325 - 350
Franklin	100	May, '02, 5 SA	355 - 360
German Savings	100	June, '02, 4 SA	190 - 200
International	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	400 - 403
Jefferson	100	Jan. '02, 20 SA	775 - 825
Lafayette	100	Sept. '02, 3 Q	230 - 232
Mechanic's Nat.	100	Aug. '02, 2 Q	300 - 302
Merch.-Laclede	100	July '02, 4 SA	180 - 200
Northwestern	100	Sept. '02, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Q	405 - 407
Nat. Bank Com.	100	May, '02, 3 SA	140 - 142
South Side	100	July '02, 3 SA	120 - 130
Southern Com.	100	June, '02, 3 SA	215 - 217
State National	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	337 - 339
Third National	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	110 - 120
Vandeveer Bk.	100	Quoted 100 for par.	

slight advance in the price of the shares, at 200. The physical and financial but nothing to indicate that purchasers position of the St. Paul property is about to fall over each other in efforts to become partners of Morgan in the steel business. Considering the late appreciation in the value of many stocks on the list, it is indeed very singular that United States Steel shares remained so sluggish and backward in their movements.

St. Paul is approaching its true level. It has always been held in these columns that the stock should be selling at 200, and that it is, intrinsically, worth more than Rock Island or Burlington, which latter stock was purchased, more than a year ago, by the Morgan-Hill syndicate,

Our late importation of Art Nouveau bronzes and electroliers is positively unsurpassed this side of New York. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

Has a choice lot of Municipal, Railroad and Corporation Bonds, bought primarily for its own investment, from which its customers are invited to make selections when wanting safe investments for their funds. Personal interviews solicited. Inquiries by mail given careful attention. List of bonds for sale mailed on application.

JOHN WAHL,
President.

WM. KOENIG,
Vice President.

RICHARD HOSPES,
Cashier.

H. HUNICKE,
Ass't Cashier.

ORGANIZED 1853.

German Savings Institution.

S. W. COR. 4th and PINE STS. (Planters' House Bldg.),
ST. LOUIS.

DIRECTORS.

WM. J. LEMP, WM. KOENIG, LOUIS FUSZ, A. NEDDERHUT, W. C. UHRI,
RICHARD HOSPES, CHAS. A. STOCKSTROM, JOHN WAHL, OTTO F. MEISTER.

Capital: \$250,000.00.

Surplus, Undivided Profits and Additional Capital paid in: \$818,316.99

STATEMENT OF SEPT. 15, 1902.

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Loans and Discounts \$ 4,881,788.57	Capital Stock \$ 250,000.00
Real Estate 112,500.00	Surplus 350,000.00
St. Louis City and other Bonds. 932,180.00	Undivided Profits 148,216.99
do 1st 6s. 2,535,814.34	Additional Capital Stock paid in. 320,100.00
do 2d 5s 1909,106 - 107	Reserve for interest 15,000.00
do Gen. Mfg. 5s. 1916,107 - 108	Deposits 7,378,965.92
U. D. 2d 5s 1918,120 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 121	
do 2d 5s 1921,104 - 105	\$8,462,282.91
do Cable & Wt. 6s. 1914,117 - 120	
do Meramec Rv. 6s. 1916,113 - 115	
do Incomes 5s. 1914,92 - 97	
Southern 1st 6s. 1904,102 - 103	
do 2d 5s. 1919,106 - 107	
do Gen. Mfg. 5s. 1916,107 - 108	
E. U. D. 2d 5s. 1918,120 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 121	
E. St. Louis & Sub. 1922,98 - 99	
E. St. Louis & Sub. 1925,103 - 107	
United Ry's Pfd. 1927,83 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 84 $\frac{1}{4}$	
" 4 p. c. 50s. 1927,86 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 87	
St. Louis Transit. 1928,29 $\frac{1}{4}$ - 30	

Travelers' Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

3% interest paid on time deposits. 2% interest paid on current accounts.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis,

SEPTEMBER, 15th, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Currency and Coin	\$8,142,751.21
Checks and Cash Items	1,153,918.51
Exchange	11,215,131.33
	\$20,511,801.05
U. S. Bonds at Par	8,242,000.00
Bonds, Stocks, etc	3,484,803.61
Loans and Discounts	36,907,401.66
Real Estate	55,000.00
	\$69,201,006.32

LIABILITIES.

Capital	\$7,000,000.00</td
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CRAWFORD'S

Never in the History of this House has there been such a Grand and Varied Stock of Merchandise for the St. Louis public to select from as now, and, it is needless to add, the prices asked are lower than those of any legitimate competition.

New Fall Hosiery

Ladies' Imported Fine-Gauge Cotton Hose, black boot, fancy striped top, 25c value—Opening Price.....	15c
Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Lace Hose, fast black, beautiful patterns, were 50c—Opening Price.....	39c
Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Fancy Hose, stripes, boot patterns; plaids, colored, lace stripes; also vertical stripes, \$1.50 and \$1.00 goods—Opening Price.....	69c and 50c
Children's Imported Tan Color Fine Cotton Hose, also Infants' Ingrain Colored Hose, white tipped heel and toe, 1x1 ribbed, 25c goods—Opening Price, per pair.....	10c

Fall Ribbon.

Opening of all the new effects in Ribbons for the Fall season.	
500 pieces of Panne Satin Ribbons, in all the new shades, 6 inches wide, all pure silk, best quality, actual value 50c yard, Opening Sale Price.....	25c
6-inch Satin Taffeta, all colors, pure silk, actually worth 39c yard, Opening Sale Price.....	19c
2,000 pieces all pure Silk Taffeta, 3 inches wide, just the thing for neck ribbons, bows and waist trimming, actually worth 19c a yard, Opening Sale Price.....	11c
800 pieces all pure silk, fancy neck, sash and bow ribbons, 3 inches to 7 inches wide, actually worth 35c yard, Opening Sale Price.....	19c

Suits, Waists & Jackets

SECOND FLOOR.

It is impossible to describe all of our novelties and staples in this line—a personal inspection is invited.

At \$67.50.

Imported French Tailor-Made Suit, handsomely trimmed with velvet and silk braid, revers of white panne velvet, silk drop skirt, lined throughout with best quality of taffeta, worth \$95.00—Special Opening Price, \$67.50

At \$9.98.

Handsome Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, in tans, castor blues, grays and blacks, worth from \$16.50 to \$23.50. Special Opening Price, \$9.98.

At \$5.75.

New style Knickerbocker Walking Skirts, folds on hips and flounce trimmed with buttons and straps, slot-seams—in browns, oxfords and grays—worth \$7.50—Special Opening Price, \$5.75.

At \$7.50.

Peau de Soie Waists in all evening shades and black, trimmed with stitching, tucks and faggot-stitching on front, collar and cuffs, new sleeves, a truly handsome waist—worth \$11.50—Special Opening Price, \$7.50.

At \$11.50.

MONTE CARLO Jackets in all shades, 30 inches in length, yoke with slot seam effect, new sleeve and collar, fancy buttons, the very latest—worth \$15.00—Special Opening Price, \$11.50.

At \$6.75.

Ladies' All-Wool Kersey, 27-inch Jackets, in tan, castor, blue and black, edges tailor-stitched, lined with mercerized satine, storm or coat collar—worth \$9.75—Special Opening Price, \$6.75.

All garments altered free of charge.

Carpet Dep't.

Third Floor.

Linoleums—If you need a Linoleum, visit our Carpet Dep't. We have them in all the newest designs and colors—the tile patterns of the American factories and the rich floral effects from the Lancastershire mills in England. Our assortment of fine Inlaid Linoleums is the best in the city. And you should see our imitations of hardwood floors. The prices on all grades are, of course, the very lowest.

Wilton Velvet Carpets—In very swell Oriental and floral designs, comprising all the up-to-date color combinations. Every carpet has a border to match. They are really worth \$1.25 a yard, but our price is just \$1.00

Tapestry Brussels Carpets—A splendid carpet for every day wear. All in good colors and patterns. They retail regularly for 75c a yard. Our price.....

60c

Ingrain Art Rugs—3x4 yds., every thread all-wool, all in nice patterns; just the thing for bedrooms; the price elsewhere is \$8.50, but our price is.....

\$6.98

Shoes for Early Autumn.

Ladies' Shoes in all leathers, most fashionable, on all the newest shape lasts, Louis heels for dress wear and broad edges and low heel for street; such an array of styles as can't be duplicated for less than \$4.00 elsewhere, here in all sizes at.....

\$2.98

Boys' Shoes get a large share of our attention at this time. We are showing an English Enamel, very stylish, with broad edge, an exact duplicate of Men's \$5 styles, \$1.98 all widths and sizes.....

\$1.98

A strong Line of Boys' School Shoes, as solid as a rock, in all sizes and widths, at.....

\$1.25

D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

The Mirror



Citronelle

Alabama.

ON THE GREAT PINE BELT PLATEAU OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.
WORLD FAMED AS AN ALL-THE-YEAR HEALTH RESORT

WOODWARD & TEELEIAN PRINT CO. ST. LOUIS

The Mirror

Texas-Bound

In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas—trains lighted by electricity, and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

THERE'S NO BETTER ROUTE.

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**TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.**

# CALIFORNIA—

Via the **KATY SUNSET ROUTE** through

San  
Antonio



Los  
Angeles

**EXCURSION SLEEPING CARS TO SAN FRANCISCO**

Leave St. Louis, Tuesdays at 8:32 P.M.

Leave Kansas City, Thursdays at 9:45 P.M.

**LOW COLONIST RATES DURING  
September and October.**

JAMES BARKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

519 Wainwright Building, Saint Louis, Mo.